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THE ELECTIONS.

THE Battle of the Boroughs has been fought and won. Even if the increased majority by which Mr. GLADSTONE has been supported in the English boroughs is not very large, it is at least indisputable and decisive. If there were any constituencies where the cry of "No Popery" might be supposed to tell, they were the English boroughs. It has evidently not told. The ordinary English householder has preferred the general principles of Liberalism to the satisfaction of having made a demonstration against the Romanists. The Ministry, whenever they condescended to give something like an indication of where their hidden strength lay, always let it be supposed that the English boroughs were far more inclined to support them than was generally believed. So far as can be seen, the question of the Irish Church has exercised no appreciable influence in the constituencies which have made their decision. The simple fact is that the majority of the electoral body is Liberal, and, so long as it can secure the return of Liberal members, it does not particularly care what are the precise principles which these members represent. It is quite in keeping with this view that the Liberal constituencies have been hard upon some members of the Cave. The unanimity with which these seceders voted for Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolution on the Irish Church has not sufficed to win back for them the confidence of their supporters. If they return a Liberal member, they like him to stick to his party, to hold his tongue if he has nothing on the side of his party to say, and to form a unit in the Liberal majority on every division. To some extent the consequences of this may be bad, but no one can deny that it is with a very natural regret that the Liberal party has seen its strength frittered away by the vacillations and caprices of its representatives. It is too soon at present to hazard a guess as to the probable majority on which Mr. GLADSTONE may rely. Possibly the present position of parties may not be materially altered. The Ministry will of course gain in the counties, but the faithful Scotch are still to a large extent in reserve, and will redress the balance in favour of the Opposition. No one can venture to speculate how Irish elections will go. Where there is a contest, the first care of the candidate seems to be to avoid, if possible, getting his head broken; and his second, to talk as much nonsense as even an Irish audience will stand. But experience has shown that Ireland is seldom the scene of great party triumphs; and we therefore come back with pleasure to the opinion that the battle has been virtually fought out in the English boroughs. Even Mr. DISRAELI, in his speech at Aylesbury, one of the few unaffected and dignified speeches he has ever made, seems to have accepted the inevitable conclusion, and to be now only anxious to retire with decency and honour.

The Conservatives appear inclined to console themselves by pointing out that they have made a very successful fight in the large towns; but there appears to be some romance about this. It is true they have carried Coventry and Salford, and that the minority vote has given them a member for London and Manchester and Leeds. It is also true that they have here and there managed to squeeze in a candidate through the reckless multiplicity of Liberal aspirants, but this is about the end of their successes. In Glasgow and Birmingham the Liberal majority was so large that, in spite of the minority vote, three Liberals were returned; and Bristol, Hull, Newcastle, Plymouth, Oxford, Cambridge, and all the Metropolitan boroughs except Westminster, have shown, so far as their decision is an indication, what the feeling of the large towns is. One of their most striking successes has been at Falmouth, but no one would point to Falmouth as a centre of independent popular opinion. But if they cannot make much of this, there is

one triumph which the Conservatives relish with the keenest delight. The odious MILL is ousted from Westminster. To have got rid of the first speculative philosopher of his day, and to have substituted a thriving man of business, is a success which they seem to think will almost make up for going out of office. Mr. MILL has been, in the main, the cause of his own defeat. He has been guilty of acts which, although they were dignified with a spirit of courage and independence, were still to the last degree imprudent, and we cannot see on what principle he could have conceived it to be a national gain that a shallow Atheist like Mr. BRADLAUGH should be in Parliament, unless he would, on the same ground, have supported an equally shallow Ultramontane. He probably will not regret his compulsory retirement from public life and the consequent absorption of his energies in the more congenial field of philosophy. But an air of mediocrity is certainly in some measure given to a Parliament from which so thoughtful, so bold, and so highly informed a man is absent, and in which Mr. SMITH takes his place. Mr. MILL will probably find something much more lamentable than his own defeat in the rejection of the Great Incognito whom he has commended in vain to the Kilmarnock district. The Scotch are for the most part staunch friends to their friends, and the people of Kilmarnock preferred the known virtues and weaknesses of Mr. BOUVIERIE to the unattractive claims of a stranger, of whom all they could learn was that he probably knew more about severs than any other man in the kingdom. Some other members of eminence will also be missing in the new Parliament. Merthyr Tydvil, in rejecting Mr. BRUCE, has inflicted a real loss upon the country; and although his waywardness and egotism were sufficiently offensive, the admirers of an independent career will lament the defeat of Mr. ROEBUCK. Mr. MILNER GIBSON has sustained a defeat at Ashton, which will be a matter of the most vivid surprise to himself. The loss of a fairly good Parliamentary and official hack cannot be considered a striking calamity; but the world must seem turned upside down to the official himself, when a Conservative is suddenly returned by a borough which he has for eleven years instructed in the purest doctrines of the Liberals, and which but a few months ago he favoured with an early explanation of the only possible policy the Liberal party could take with regard to the Irish Church. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, as he said at Northampton, saw in Mr. GIBSON's defeat a judgment on him for having gone wrong about a Cattle Bill, and perhaps this is the explanation of his want of success which Mr. GIBSON will be himself inclined to adopt. There is something creditable in being selected as the special victim of a sacred, cow-protecting NEMESIS. If Nottingham does not regret Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE, we feel sure the new Parliament will regret him. To sit in Parliament is an honourable and dignified, but very dull, method of spending the evening. Human nature yearns for some mixture of the gay with the grave, and the House of Commons will feel the absence of a speaker whose speeches were always lively and sensible, and who, even if his jesting sometimes touched buffoonery, yet never was without spirit and point in his jokes, and who never showed himself in a more favourable light than when, after his defeat at Nottingham, he first sheltered himself under some sallies of good-humoured gallantry to the wives of the successful candidates, and then boldly gave the constituency a good rating for the shameless bribery with which a portion of it had desired that the election should be conducted.

Three classes of candidates have been particularly unfortunate—the University Liberals, the special representatives of workmen, and the Conservative lawyers. Although we may pay a tribute to the gallantry with which Mr. ROUNDELL, Mr. BRODRICK, Mr. LUSHINGTON, and Sir GEORGE YOUNG fought an uphill fight, yet perhaps they never themselves had much hope of succeeding

in their raids on boroughs which were by far too well protected. The working-men do not at present seem to have the least fancy for getting other working-men to represent them. Even the great BEALES has been shorn of his well-deserved reward. Mr. HARTWELL—who by universal consent is admitted to be one of the best of his class—came to grief in a very remarkable way. First, he stood for Stoke-upon-Trent, without the ghost of a chance; then some one, who thought his standing inconvenient or injudicious, paid 280*l.* to recoup him his disbursements and to get him off without loss; lastly, some other person, as he says, stole this 280*l.* So he retires with the treble humiliation of having offered himself to a borough which did not in the least want him, of being paid off in order to be got rid of, and of being in debt after all. If this is not an effective warning to working-men candidates, it is difficult to know what will warn them. The fact that in Scotland, where working-men are so well-educated and so democratic, not a single working-man was even proposed, may show that the poor still think it pleasanter and easier to let their betters take the front places. If these rejected working-men like to cheer themselves with the same consolation that satisfies the Conservatives, and to insist that if they were beaten they sometimes made a good fight, they may rejoice in the surprising fact that over a thousand persons, even in so obscure a place as Northampton, thought it worth while to vote for Mr. BRADLAUGH. The Conservative lawyers have been especially unfortunate. Not only when Parliament meets will the Government be in the strange position of having no law officers in Parliament at all; but Mr. GIFFARD, Mr. GARTH, Mr. HUDDLESTONE, and Mr. KARSLAKE have been damped in their efforts to share in the good things of a party which, when in office, is proverbially notorious for the number of legal prizes it has to give away. The Liberal lawyers, on the other hand, have had an equally great success. To say nothing of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER and Sir ROBERT COLLIER, who have already held office, the Liberal party has now in reserve Mr. COLERIDGE, Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, and Mr. JESSEL. The return of the last of these gentlemen is more particularly useful, as one of the wants of the Liberal party has hitherto been a representative of the Equity Bar, in addition to Sir ROUNDELL PALMER. Both Mr. COLERIDGE and Mr. HARCOURT, again, are much more than types of the ordinary humdrum barristers who hope to squeeze through a precarious seat into a puisne judgeship. They are both enthusiastic Liberals, and when they support Mr. GLADSTONE they will escape the reproach of being merely put up to say something liberal and more or less lawyer-like on behalf of the Government. In all important points the new Parliament will largely resemble its predecessor. It will be composed of men of the same classes of society, and guided by very much the same ideas of political duty and expediency, and all politicians of the front rank will be found in its numbers when it meets. The University of London has done justice to its character for independence and reality by selecting Mr. LOWE as its first representative, and Greenwich has made a timely sacrifice to secure the presence of Mr. GLADSTONE at the opening of Parliament, even should his division of Lancashire reject him.

FRANCE.

THERE is a stock Latin quotation about the relation between madness and destruction which irresistibly suggests itself to the reader of the BAUDIN trial. In its full significance it would in all probability be quite inapplicable. France seems tired of revolutions, and NAPOLEON III. promises to be the first of her recent Sovereigns to die in the royal bed. In a certain semi-significance, however, it is appropriate enough. It is hard to believe that any man quite in his senses would have acted as the EMPEROR is acting. The most ardent of Opposition politicians must admit that France has settled down, not uncomplacently, under the Imperial rule. The country is deprived of some things it would like to have, but then it appreciates very clearly the value of some things it possesses. The worst enemy of the Empire cannot call it aristocratic. Parvenu is writ large on its forehead. If government by prefects and sub-prefects is occasionally rather irksome, a Frenchman may still congratulate himself that he is ruled by men of like extraction with himself. The tyranny under which he suffers is, in form at least, of his own ordering. He is not oppressed by old families; his inferiority is a matter of money, not of prescription or tradition. With all this in his favour a wise ruler would naturally, it might seem, do his utmost to keep alive the semblance of

popularity. The commonplace despot has no inducement to make such an effort. He relies wholly upon force for maintaining his power, and force is equally efficacious whether it is exerted upon those who hate or those who love you. But in France to-day there is some encouragement for an Emperor who wishes to try another course. It is true that the journalists and men of letters are, as a body, violently hostile to him; but France is no longer ruled by philosophers, and practical men with a living to make in business are no more disposed than they were to cast in their lot with the Opposition. It is true that the old families have no love for their upstart Sovereign, but the fact of their alienation is the best possible guarantee for the loyalty of the bulk of the population. It is true that the "old parties," the men whose reputation dates from the era of Parliamentary government, and whose names were once a power in the Chamber, have no love for the man who has taken the bread out of their mouths. But in 1868 France looks back with neither affection nor interest to the glories of the extinct Tribune, and the associations which are dear to the Orleanist or the Legitimist stir no emotion in the heart of a modern democrat. The one thing which appeals to every Frenchman alike is a strong Government—a Government, that is, which can command deference abroad and submission at home. But, to be strong, a Government must be confident. If it distrusts itself, it will not be long in finding others ready to follow its lead. It is difficult to imagine a more humiliating spectacle of self-evolved terror than the French authorities present at this moment. The demonstration at M. BAUDIN's grave, and the contributions towards erecting his monument, have come upon them like thunder out of a clear sky. A guilty conscience makes them foolish as well as cowardly. Notwithstanding the popular vote by which the sin of its birth was condoned, notwithstanding the moral and material blessings which it claims to have secured to France, the Empire is not sufficiently assured of its position to put up with so much of criticism of the *coup d'état* as is implied in the publication of a subscription list.

It may be, of course, that the EMPEROR is the best judge of his own strength. It may be that the revival of the recollections connected with M. BAUDIN's death would have undone the work of the last seventeen years. It may be that the conspiracy to which the extraordinary measures of the Government point has some foundation in fact, in spite of the indignant contradiction that it has called forth from the official press. All these suppositions are possible, but it must also be confessed that they are all extremely improbable. We think better of the Emperor NAPOLEON's hold over his subjects than he seems disposed to think himself. We cannot believe that the Second Empire, uncertain as may be its ultimate destiny, is so utterly discredited as to tremble with well-grounded apprehension before a list of bare names in the columns of the *Avenir National*. We prefer to hold, that whatever importance the BAUDIN affair possesses—and that it now possesses a good deal cannot certainly be denied—has been given to it by the action of the Government; and that, if the EMPEROR had but had the courage, he might safely have ventured to do nothing. But the very slightness of the danger makes its effect upon the Government the more remarkable. The authorities have simply lost their heads. If they had calculated consequences ever so roughly, they must have seen that their ill-timed sensitiveness would have the precise effect they were so particularly anxious to avoid producing. If the sensation paragraph in the *Gaulois* had appeared before the seizure of the *Avenir National*, it would simply have been laughed at. Coming when it did, it seemed exactly to express the concealed fears of the Government. A few unknown names might have been published, from day to day, in a democratic paper, and attracted no attention. The party is known to be on bad terms with the authorities, and if on the 3rd of December any violent speeches had been made at Montmartre, the latter might have taken credit, according to the course then adopted, either for despising so paltry a demonstration, or for not having interfered until sedition was openly preached. As it is, they have enabled all sections of the Opposition to show that their attitude towards the Empire is unchanged. In December 1851, there was a very wide distinction between the deputies who issued decrees, and the deputies who raised barricades. The first thought the second revolutionary, the second thought the first pedantic. The approbation given by M. BERRYER, and, it is said, by M. DE MONTALEMBERT, to the BAUDIN subscription, is a tacit admission that the men who raised barricades were better judges of the situation than those who clung to Parliamentary forms. Such a confession is not likely to have any immediate consequences

but it belongs to an order of events which sometimes bears important, though deferred, fruit.

Press prosecutions and the revival of the law of "manceuvres" have diverted the attention of the French public from that region of foreign politics in which they had so long dwelt. The EMPEROR has often been reminded that if he will not give his subjects something to talk about at home he must not be surprised if they go abroad in search of topics. At length he seems to have acted on the suggestion. The BAUDIN subscription, or rather the policy of the Government in reference to it, has put a sudden end to conflicting rumours of peace and war. Whether, indeed, the connexion between the two is not closer than appears is a point on which different opinions may be maintained. Lord STANLEY gives, as the chief ground of his hope that peace will be preserved, the accurate knowledge which NAPOLEON III. possesses of the dominant opinion of the country he governs. No doubt this element in the calculation is not always allowed sufficient weight in English speculations on the question. But the most watchful observer will sometimes suffer his passions or his fears to colour the conclusion he arrives at; and it is a characteristic of personal Government that a fancy may be as important as a fact if it can gain access to the brain of the ruler. If the EMPEROR is only convinced that the minds of Frenchmen are once more reverting to events which he thought they had forgotten, the result may be in all respects the same, whether his conviction is well founded or the reverse. Nothing is so inimical to memory as an engrossing present excitement, and if the EMPEROR wishes to dull the faculty of recollection in his subjects he can hardly do so more effectually than by plunging them into a foreign war. Lord STANLEY looks for a corrective of this temptation to the character of the French people. "An average Frenchman of the present day, with his industry, his frugality, his love of small savings, and his dislike of the conscription—which among the peasantry is about the strongest feeling they have—will think twice before he indulges the old national passion for military glory." This is very true, but, as might be expected from the character of the speaker, it is hardly the whole truth. Lord STANLEY looks on mankind from the standpoint of the Statistical Society. He calculates upon their acting with an eye to the main chance; he relies upon their being always able to strike an accurate balance between opposite motives of slightly different weight. But the very qualities he attributes to the French character may have a military side to them. In an agricultural democracy, which the French nation eminently is, industry, frugality, and small savings, all tend to foster a passionate devotion towards the land, which, in its material aspect, is the object of the peasant's thoughts and aspirations. And as to his dislike of the conscription, it must be borne in mind that Frenchmen are already liable to military service to such an extent that they may reasonably doubt whether their position in this respect might not be improved by a war. Disarmament might be easier after a victory, and no Frenchman allows himself to contemplate defeat as a possible event. After all, however, Lord STANLEY does not place much reliance in his own pacific auguries. His nearest approach to confidence is an intimation that he does not "despair that the storm which has been hanging over Europe for the last two years may still blow over." He might, perhaps, have ventured on a somewhat stronger statement than this, but it must be admitted that the reasons he gave for his belief have not, taken by themselves, any great reassuring value.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE has long promised himself and the country that our affairs would be conducted under a "more earnest régime" when we had a new Parliament. We are already in a position to ascertain whether this anticipation has been fulfilled. Earnestness is a comprehensive, and therefore a misleading, word. Earnest people are a recent invention, like "brave minds" and "forthright spirits" and "workers for man." We do not profess entirely to understand what is called earnestness, though we dare to say that, when Mr. GLADSTONE thought of earnestness, he was thinking of Mr. GLADSTONE. What is certain is that we shall have a Parliament pledged by an overwhelming majority to Gladstonism, and Mr. GLADSTONE is earnest, terribly earnest—as earnest in pulling on his gloves as in disestablishing a Church. One thing we can understand about Mr. GLADSTONE's earnestness—it is his gravity. And our new Parliament is likely to be grave enough. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's ready wit will be absent from it; Serjeant GASELEE

will no longer provoke and poke fun; Mr. DARBY GRIFFITH, the irrepressible butt who had the knack of making boredom diverting, has disappeared from the list of senators; and, worst loss of all, Mr. ROEBUCK's vitriolic and sarcastic powers of offence have so far offended his constituents that they have preferred dulness to genius, and a delegate to the most independent politician of the day. The House is likely to be dull enough, and, as earnestness takes the form of dulness, Mr. GLADSTONE has so far been proved to be right. If, as seems likely, Mr. WHALLEY on the one side and Mr. JOHN HARDY on the other will have to do all the work of making or suggesting jokes, Parliament men may look out for a very dreary time of it under a Premier who is as unsusceptible of wit as a Scotchman. The occasion may perhaps stimulate Mr. DISRAELI to recur to his old vein, and his gracious fooling at Guildhall seems to show that office has suppressed, but not extinguished, his original powers in playing the fool, and playing the fool admirably.

The next Parliament will therefore be deficient in wit. And in another aspect the constituencies have gone in for earnestness. Earnestness, according to the cheap newspapers, is an enemy to theory and speculation. An earnest man must be a practical man; above all, he must not have a rag of philosophy about him. Englishmen, they tell us, are an unphilosophical race; metaphysics they can neither abide nor understand; they want things done, and first principles, or any abstract grounds for policy, they resent as an insult. This Peckham-omnibus view of a senator's qualifications has certainly prevailed. Of all the classes of candidates who have suffered most severely the *doctrinaires* have been hit the hardest. Not only is Mr. STUART MILL rejected, and by the most decisive defeat, at the hands of a constituency which used to be considered a sort of touchstone of political feeling, but the educated and extremely earnest class whose noble function was to justify Radicalism by philosophy, history, and the assertion of abstract rights, have only succeeded in returning Mr. HUGHES the novelist for a seat which almost preserves the memories of a pocket borough; and Mr. FAWCETT, the Cambridge economist. Not only have the *doctrinaires* failed themselves, but their advocacy has been signally detrimental to their pupils and clients. Dr. SANDWITH had the misfortune to be lectured for by Professors and Oxford savans, and Marylebone has preferred not to take the advice or dictation of its guides, philosophers, and friends. Mr. BRODRICK, Mr. ROUNDELL, Sir GEORGE YOUNG, and Mr. LUSHINGTON have not been able to bring into the new House an element of thought which no deliberative assembly can afford to dispense with or despise, and which might have stood them in better stead at the hustings had the respective constituencies been less irritated by advice and dictation from academic and tutorial quarters. Something of Mr. CHADWICK's defeat at Kilmarnock may be attributed to Mr. MILL's offensive interference with the electors; but the general failure of this class of candidates can only be accounted for by a rooted aversion on the part of the electors to what they consider, with or without justice, dictation on the part of sophists. The Parliamentary jury has been struck on the principle known in the courts as knocking the brains out of it.

In another direction the electors have shown a remarkable disability to profit by new lights. In one respect the new Parliament is likely to be more dogged and pertinacious against innovations than any of its predecessors. For good or for evil, the new House not only perpetuates, but exaggerates, the character, be they the faults or the excellences, of their predecessors. The tradesman and *épiciér* mind has it all its own way, and it seems to come to this, that the tradesman who is superseded, and the artisan who rules, are scarcely varieties of the same type of mind, or narrowness. A vast majority of Liberals has been returned, but they are all of the old Liberal type; rich tradesmen, hereditary Whigs, and the old members make up most of Mr. GLADSTONE's supporters. The shirt-sleeves and the working-men candidates have not stood the slightest chance; the fate of CREMER and ODGER and HARTWELL and HOWELL and Colonel DIXON and ERNEST JONES and, above all, of Mr. BEALES, the President of the Reform League, attests, either the proverbial ingratitude of the citizens to successful demagogues, or a more creditable disinclination on the part of the electors to entrust the destinies of the Empire to those who might have their uses in agitation, in handling mobs and processions, and pulling down park rails, but in no position more creditable or responsible. What is even more curious is, that though the elections have gone so completely against the Irish Church, they have also proved how strong is the

conviction or prejudice against fanatical dissent. Merely to be a representative of strong or exceptional views in religion has been generally fatal to a candidate. Unfortunately this dogged old-fashioned aversion to innovation in religion has kept out of Parliament such men as Sir JOHN ACTON and Lord EDWARD HOWARD, representing, as they do, the very best aspect of English Romanism; but, on the other hand, it has also rejected Mr. MIALl and Mr. HANDEL COSSHAM, with whose views, extreme as they are, it would be insulting to bracket the insolence of BRADLAUGH, whose only claims to distinction of any sort were the avowal of an atheism more vulgar, more mocking, and more audacious than that of such extinct monsters as CARLILE and the Devil's Chaplain of five-and-thirty years ago. And, to complete the proof of the prevailing antipathy to sectarian representation, it is curious enough that, when the minority clause ejected one Liberal from the City, it was found that the least popular of the old representatives was Baron ROTHSCHILD, who for so many years had retained his seat merely because his entrance into a religious profession was by another rite than that of baptism. It was certainly high time to elect a City member on other qualifications than that of being a Jew; but only not to belong to the Church has stood candidates in as little stead as only not to be a Christian, and we might almost say that the electors have exhibited equal impartiality against all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. Whoever has gained, the Liberation Society has lost.

Are we wrong in attributing to the same popular, and in some sense bigoted, resistance to being preached at, dictated to, lectured, advised, and sermonized, the distaste with which lawyers generally, and the Tory lawyers in particular, have been visited? The rout is here signal and complete. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, Sir R. COLLIER, and Mr. COLERIDGE survive to represent the highest walk of legal distinction; and Mr. GLADSTONE can fill his offices, while it will be some relief to the outgoing Minister that his Attorney and Solicitor will be relieved from the cares of office so soon after they have been obliged to forego the honours of Parliament. The Recorder stands almost alone as the solitary representative of Tory lawyers amid the universal wreck. To belong to a learned profession, and to hold extreme opinions on any point, have been generally considered Parliamentary disqualifications. Regrettable as this is, it is only the Parish Vestry view of things, which the Reform Act, we were assured, was to get rid of.

No doubt the new Parliament faithfully enough reflects the national will. The borough members have been elected to do a certain and distinct and precise work, which is simple enough, and does not require much refinement, much reflection, much, if any, independence. What seems to be the taste of the borough voters is little thought, no philosophy, no genius, no originality, no "viewiness," no largeness of conception. Such is the work, and such the instruments. They will do the work in a dull, businesslike, commonplace, obedient sort of way. If Mr. GLADSTONE is to be earnest, the Parliament will be earnest with all the merits and all the drawbacks of earnestness. They used to give nicknames to Parliaments; the new one may perhaps get to be deemed, if it is not called, *Parliamentum Prosaicum*. Small fear of its being run away with by its own impetuosity. Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. LOWE pretty nearly exhaust all its genius. It may turn out that as by rubbing two bits of dry wood together you get sparks, and at last a flame, there may be latent qualities of heat in some of our untried senators which will give us some day a little Parliamentary brilliancy, and possibly something like originality. One thing was needed to be a successful candidate in a large borough constituency, and that one thing was obedience to Mr. GLADSTONE. For all the rest, the more moderate, perhaps the more stupid, a candidate was, the better was his chance. Mr. HORSMAN was the kind of candidate who stood, as he has found, the least chance. The constituencies are not the only thing which has been levelled and brought to a dull flat; the voters seem to have been possessed with something of the spirit of the old Oxford Tutor who declared that he would have nothing to do with "those damned intellectuals." The "stupid party" of late years seems likely to be henceforth confronted by a party strong as in everything, so especially in its dullness. Like POPE's women, Parliaments may come to have no character at all; and it is, after all, not so unnatural—though it was not quite expected, and certainly the reverse of it was promised—that the House of Commons should so faithfully reproduce the narrowness and stiffness, the obstinacy and the unarguing, if solid perhaps stolid, convictions of the untrained English mind. Satiety has produced apathy, and the frenzy of

excitement under which the contest was begun has subsided into a general distaste, if not disgust, for promised or threatened revolutions and innovations.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

A LATE winter usually turns out to be a long one; and, as revolutions are rather apt to follow the same law, we should have more confidence in the continuance of peace and order in Spain if everything had not up to this time gone on with such exceptional mildness. It is too much to expect that the most retrograde monarchy in Europe should be suddenly converted into a spick and span democracy modelled on the most recent ideas, without the least annoyance or discomfort to any one except the late QUEEN. Everything is so very new and so very correct that one's sense of congruity is up in arms. Revolution implies an overturn of something or somebody, and people or institutions which find themselves in this predicament generally make their objections heard some time or other. That the recent events in Spain are a revolution, and not a mere change of dynasty, no Spaniard will deny. Everything in the country is to be reconstructed on democratic lines; and the manifesto put out by the joint Electoral Committee, composed of all sections of the Liberal party, adopts, as the largest programme it can find, "all the Liberal ideas proclaimed by the revolutionary Juntas." Either these proclamations must have been very uniform in their tenor, or the Electoral Committee must be extremely indifferent to the precise formula to which it binds itself. The notion of arriving at a comprehensive body of political truth by picking up all the floating opinions on the subject which have been current during the last few weeks is a curious instance of belief in popular inspiration. When we come to the details of the manifesto, we must own to being a little disappointed. It was just possible that some vague tradition of historical liberty might have lingered in the Spanish mind, notwithstanding centuries of oppression and misgovernment. Had there been anything of the sort, it would probably have found its way into the proclamations of some local Junta, and so established a right to be adopted by the Liberal Electoral Committee. Instead of this, however, we find nothing but the ordinary democratic ideas expressed in the ordinary democratic phrases. If the Committee had got the Emperor of the FRENCH to write their manifesto for them, they could not have more exactly reproduced the turn of phrase with which he has made us familiar. It is disheartening to find that the youngest democracy of the Continent has learned absolutely nothing from the experience of her elder sister.

The Committee begin with a flourish about religious freedom. The first duty of the revolution is to "consecrate and guarantee for all time the principle of complete liberty of conscience." There are few things more significant in politics than the kind of language habitually used by those who have the direction of affairs. The slipshod phrases into which Englishmen so constantly fall, whether in Parliament or on the hustings, are infinitely preferable in this respect to the fine words which seem to have such inexpressible delight for Continental ears. A political expression which, when analysed, yields absolutely no meaning, is almost sure to breed mischief. The Spanish declaration in favour of religious freedom belongs to this order. Revolutions may establish a principle, but in what way they are to consecrate it, we are quite unable to explain. Nor is the nature of the guarantee which the Revolution provides at all clearer to our minds. The idea implied in a guarantee is that the existence of one fact is secured by the existence of another; but unless the Revolution is to be made a permanent institution, it is difficult to see how it can be used for this purpose; while if, by a contradiction in terms, it could be made permanent, it would still be quite unfitted for the discharge of the function assigned to it. People who talk in this strain have evidently no conception of the difficulties that lie before them. To introduce genuine freedom of conscience into Spain is a task before which the stoutest-hearted reformer might quail. The Provisional Government has already shown itself unwilling even to attempt it, for its first act was to banish from the country a religious order whose hostility it feared might be too strong for it. Of course liberty of conscience is a simple matter enough, if you simply mean liberty for those who are willing to act with the Government; but then in this application it hardly merits a consecration or needs a guarantee. When it comes to extending it to enemies it is a more serious matter, and until it is thus extended it is merely an empty formula. It is creditable to

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the Spanish Ministers that they do not seem to have given up all hope of better things. At least, their "daily coquetting" with the Nuncio has roused the wrath of the *Times* Correspondent, who is particularly indignant at the abrogation of the decree, by which some of the Juntas had forbidden the transmission of PETER's pence to Rome. That liberty of conscience, whether consecrated or not, implies a permission to every man to do what he likes with his money has evidently never occurred to this philosophical journalist.

It cannot be said, however, that the Electoral Committee speak to much better purpose when they do drift into a meaning. The passage in the manifesto which defines what the Government is to be has a suspiciously French air about it. The monarchy of the future is to derive its origin from popular rights, to consecrate universal suffrage, to symbolize the national sovereignty, and to consolidate public liberty. To some of these expressions no exception need be taken. All monarchy symbolizes the national sovereignty, and there is no reason to suppose that the Spanish monarchy—supposing it established—would do less in this way than others. All monarchies of democratic creation must derive their origin from popular rights. The King can hold his crown by no better title than that by which those who gave it him held it. As to the consecration of universal suffrage we confess ourselves in a difficulty. The clause might have read more naturally if the terms had been inverted and universal suffrage had been made to consecrate the monarchy. Perhaps, however, the Committee only mean to say that the existence of universal suffrage will give a democratic air to the monarchy, and "consecrate" it by making it respectable in democratic eyes. As to the consolidation of public liberty there is no doubt a sense in which monarchy, in so far as it provides a strong executive, does answer this end. But with the example of France before their eyes, it would perhaps have been wiser if the Committee had thought less of the consolidation and more of the preservation of liberty. Indeed it is worth notice that every one of the conditions with which they invest the monarchy of the future is to be found in the French Empire. It derives its origin from a popular vote, and to this day NAPOLEON III. writes himself Emperor "by the will of the French people." It symbolizes the national sovereignty, and represents France to the world outside with uniform strength and dignity. It may be said even to consecrate universal suffrage—if the EMPEROR's frequent references to the vote which confirmed him on the throne can be held to have any hallowing virtue. And inasmuch as it provides against any excesses in the direction of freedom, it must be held to consolidate public liberty. The parallel is certainly too close to be pleasant. We do not suspect the Spanish Liberals of any design to surrender Spanish freedom into the hands of one man, but it would have given better promise for the future if they had used language less capable of being interpreted in that sense.

Why they did not do so is made quite clear by a sentence in their manifesto in which they speak of the "rights of the people" as being "superior to all institutions and powers." It is possible, no doubt, to construe this in a perfectly legitimate way. No privileged "institutions" or "powers" are permissible except so far as their maintenance does not conflict with the just rights of any person in the community. In all cases where they do so conflict they ought to be abolished or modified at the first convenient opportunity. But as commonly used by democratic writers on the continent, the rights of the people have a different meaning. Instead of standing for individual rights, not to be abridged or suspended in the interest, or at the will, of any one however powerful, the term stands for the will of the majority, with which nothing can be allowed to interfere. Thus interpreted, the rights of the people, embodied as they are assumed to be in the votes of the greater number, become themselves an "institution" or "power," and in that character claim superiority over the rights of everybody else. Hitherto this has been the unvarying course of modern democracies. They have aimed not at protecting the rights of the people from undue control, but at vesting that control in the hands of the numerical majority. When that end is once attained the democratic aspirations are satisfied, and they do not awake again until circumstances put the action of the majority into contradiction with democratic ideas. This has been the course of events in France; this threatens to be the course of events in the United States; and at present there seems little probability that Spain will experience any better fate.

MR. LOWE ON THE FUTURE.

THERE is plenty of material to suggest criticism, and something to provoke raillery, in Mr. Lowe's election address. The whole thing is in some sense a surprise. As the University of London is a novelty, so is an address of thanks from a University member. The stiff academical traditions of Oxford and Cambridge have no place for this sort of thing. And as is the occasion, so is the man; and as is the man, so is his speech. Mr. Lowe, we must say, is in his right place at Burlington Gardens. He is, and is not, of the past; and his future who can tell? So is it with a University thirty years old. Nobody knew exactly what it would turn out to be. The University of London has disappointed the dismal forebodings of its foes; and it exhibits promise, but one can hardly tell promise of what. There is, as there is sure to be in all intellectual institutions, in this youthful academe, a certain reverence for the past; and there is also, as in all experiments embodying a liberal idea, considerable vagueness about the future. Such a description fits Mr. Lowe with sufficient precision. He opposed the Reform Bill, but he accepts it. It went too far, and it did not go far enough. But still facts are facts; we have a new basis, and we must not think of keeping up the old fabric of politics and society. We must Americanize ourselves, and all things belonging to us. The House of Lords must be turned into a Senate. The relations between the two Houses of Parliament must be revised. The franchise, after all, is not quite right. The Compound Householder may yet be revived; and as we have now transferred all political power to the masses, we must make the masses, in spite of themselves, conscientious, intelligent, and dutiful. We have had a revolution, and a revolution implies revolutionary changes; and Mr. Lowe sets himself, and invites his constituents, to canvass them.

First, we may observe that much of this is only in appearance wild Radicalism. Mr. Lowe is at much and rather unnecessary pains to vindicate himself from the charge, to preferring which we among others must plead guilty, that at Edinburgh, late in the last autumn, he delivered himself of what looked something like an apology for ignorance, or at least a disparagement of severer studies. But Mr. Lowe now says that he meant a distinction which he does not go on to say that he expressed. It was only a proper and becoming compliment to an academical audience for its representative to resent the imputation of being a champion and apologist of sciolism. He seems now to say that he meant then to say that it was ridiculous to feed a hungry pauper, as a certain Duke proposed, with curry-powder, or, as Mr. Lowe expresses it, to give a man ruffles before he has got a shirt. If he had said this at Edinburgh, he would have said what was perfectly true and seasonable; and we are glad to get it, though it is said out of season in the wrong place, and in the unpopular shape of a *secunda cura*.

But all this is a minor matter, and only affects Mr. Lowe's consistency, and, let us add, does not injuriously affect him at all. We ought to be inconsistent, if we had but the courage to say so, and despise this isolated bugbear of consistency. Truth is many-sided; it is necessary to dwell now with exaggeration, it may be, on one view, now on another of its aspects. It is equally true that the highest education is the very best of things, and yet may be the most mischievous. No doubt the paradox may be explained by the obvious distinction that the highest education applied to the wrong subject-matter is not, in fact, the highest education, is no education at all, is a sham and mockery and take-in; and therefore we may allow Mr. Lowe at Edinburgh to have been consistent or inconsistent just as we choose, or are able, to analyse what we mean by consistency. Mr. Lowe goes on. He assumes that, as we have totally changed our Constitution and its principles, we must adapt our working machinery to our new principles. He is persuaded that we are in the full swing of democracy; but democracy may still be manipulated to good. He sees in the Constitution of the United States both our example and our beacon. He admires American institutions because they provide those very safeguards against the influence of the residuum—at which he is careful to remind us that Mr. BRIGHT is alarmed—which our own institutions are perfectly unable to afford. He goes to Washington for his Conservatism. The House of Lords, for example, is condemned to a compulsory inaction for three-fourths of the Session, and is tolerably useless for the other fourth. A Senate would be an improvement on this; not a Senate of clefted and delegated peers, but a mixed Senate of our present hereditary peers and certain *emeriti*, certain *senes* who had held higher office, certain men of grave piety, whose august presence would still and control the popular tumult.

This is one way of leavening our democratic institutions with a Conservative yet American check. Of life peerages Mr. Lowe can only think with scorn; and he cannot picture to himself the humiliation of a life peer sitting by contemptuous sufferance on the bench made sacred by the flesh and blood of a descendant of the Crusaders. If this were the only objection to life peers, Mr. Lowe may console himself that his humiliation would only occur in those cases in which even DEBRET and BURKE would be puzzled to prove where a descendant of the Crusaders exists. Add to this hints on the necessity of assimilating the English rate-paying franchise to the Scotch model, in which a person rated below 4*l.* is relieved alike from taxes and the franchise; hints on the further redistribution of seats in Parliament; hints bearing on education, chiefly of the critical sort—and we have Mr. Lowe's view of the sort of work cut out for those who will have to work the new Constitution.

Now at starting we own that we are at issue with Mr. Lowe on his fundamental fact; and we cannot for the life of us see that we have passed through this tremendous cataclysm. Physiologists tell us that all the tissues of the human body, all its corpuscles, and the rest of it, absolutely disappear, and are displaced by a new organization once in a certain number of years. Upon this fact—and it is indisputable—certain curious and over-subtle philosophers have started some strange problems and difficulties, which seemed to end in denying the fact of personal identity. The readers of Bishop BUTLER will remember how, with a contempt not less decisive because elaborate, he dismisses this sophism. The old woman in the nursery-rhyme had her doubts about her personal identity when her petticoats were cut short; and, though there is nothing anile about Mr. Lowe, we cannot but feel that his views about the lost identity of the English Constitution are equally futile. We had a new Constitution thirty years ago, and nobody ever found a newer identity in the new state of things than occurs in the course of seven years to every one of our bodies. And certainly the results of this week's hustings work prove anything rather than Mr. Lowe's fact of a total revolution, and the inauguration, as they say, of democracy pure and simple. On the very contrary, we have got the old men, for the most part, and when we have got new ones, they are reduced copies, faint images, and, as far as we can as yet conjecture, stunted reproductions of the old rule. The only thing which has been proscribed, or if you will, ostracised, is the innovator, the *philosophe*, the thinker, the large-viewed democrat. Moderation, dulness, mediocrity, obedience to a ruler and a party, *surtout point de zèle*—this has carried the day. At present there is no Utopia or Solomon's House or Atlantis for Mr. Lowe to try constitutions in. Few physicians can give abler advice than Mr. Lowe in the critical moment; but, as far as we can see, there is no patient in the case. At present, Mr. Lowe's prospective, but he tells us most necessary, reforms sound with as empty a tinkling to most of us as BUNSEN's Church of the Future, or Lord EBBURY or Lord anybody else's new Liturgies must sound to the congregation of a village parish. "Dearly beloved brethren" bounds at present our aspirations, satisfies our ideal, and meets our simple wants. If the United Kingdom has been revolutionized, it takes its revolution very quietly, and with a serene and apathetic unconsciousness of the change which it has undergone. Possibly the member for a University might think that he was called upon, like the Greek sophists, to keep Constitutions on hand, and to be ready to lecture on them at the shortest notice. The University of London has not hitherto done much to encourage speculation and theory. But Mr. Lowe has done something to vindicate a place in the curriculum of his Academy for political theories which at present derive their languid interest from the fact that they are theories.

THE RECENT CHURCH APPOINTMENTS.

MR. DISRAELI'S Church appointments have been received with general satisfaction. There are two relations of the matter; the one as regards the prudence and astuteness of the dispenser of good things, and the other as relates to the general good and efficiency of the Church itself. It is equally possible to optimize and to pessimise either aspect. In one respect Mr. DISRAELI's Church policy contrasts favourably with that odd but brief *régime* when Lord PALMERSTON, careless of matters which he neither understood nor gave himself the trouble to appreciate, placed the Church of England in commission, with Lord SHAFTESBURY as irresponsible and unacknowledged dictator. The present PREMIER knows quite enough about the subject to be persuaded that high appoint-

ments must not be given to partisans. The Church is not so much a mere compromise as an elastic representative of many schools of thought, many traditions, many tendencies. There is in it, from the nature of the case, a strong hold on the past and a vigorous appreciation of the future. What Mr. DISRAELI, however, clearly sees is that it is neither his business nor the Church's to give an undue preponderance to either Church party. It is a good working worldly view, too worldly perhaps, but it is the only one for a politician to act upon. CHARLES I. had a distinct and exclusive idea of what he considered to be the truth. He appointed LAUD, and we all know what came of it. Warned by that most serious conflagration, statesmen have never burned their fingers much, from that day to this, by adopting and furthering partisanship, or even principle. They have felt that the Church was better served by placing over her rulers who would allow the spirit of the times and the inner life of the Church to develop themselves as they could, than by extending spiritual rule to those who had a vocation and distinct purpose for reform. The most disastrous consequences have followed the attempt to make propagandist Archbishops. ABSORT, LAUD, and SUMNER are conspicuous examples of a mistake which Mr. DISRAELI is clever enough not to repeat. The fact being that the Church of England of the day comprises in its clergy the highest sacerdotalists and the most expansive latitudinarians, the obvious thing would be to give every party a turn; but, in giving the turn, to select, not the most pronounced or vigorous representatives of either or any school. This is clearly the principle which has guided the PREMIER, and there is nothing to except against it. The Evangelicals have had their turn, and a shower of deameries has fallen like dew on the arid plains of semi-puritanism. But Dean M'NEILE, and especially Dean CHAMPEYNS, are not mere representatives of narrowness. Ascending from Deans to Bishops, it seems agreed that the last promotion to the Bench is quite justifiable. Bishop MAGEE unites very exceptional preaching gifts to a singular combination of recommendations. In his person Mr. DISRAELI had the tact or cleverness, in the crisis of the Irish Church question, to make a political hit by announcing, in the appointment to Peterborough, the unity of the fortunes of the English and Irish Establishments. Proprietary chapels were at a discount, and Irish Deans were quoted very flat; but the representative of the historical name of MAGEE was about the only Irish dignitary who was able to retrieve most of the disadvantages under which Irish importations of the clerical article have come to be regarded in England. So here were the Evangelicals and the Hibernians provided for. Bishop CLAUGHTON's appointment, following upon that of Dr. ATLAY and Dr. SELWYN, had already caused great satisfaction among the High-Churchmen, and it was with general approval that Rochester received an excellent Bishop. In appointing Dr. MANSEL to the great London Deanery, Mr. DISRAELI recognised the claims alike of literature and of political and electioneering successes in more than one contest; and the promotion of two Heads of Houses to lucrative and comfortable sinecures gave assurance to Oxford members of Convocation that zeal in a contested election was not without its reward—slow, certainly, in the venerable, or veteran, Dr. WYNTER's case, but well deserved by the popular and amiable Warden of All Souls. If Court influence, which as late as the days of the Fourth GEORGE was all but paramount in dispensing ecclesiastical dignities, was to be recognised at all, its evanescent power was feebly, but not ungracefully, acknowledged in giving the Rector of the QUEEN's country parish a stall at St. Paul's.

But these are minor matters. The greatest prize of the Church, and the most difficult task of awarding it, fell to Mr. DISRAELI. The Bishop of LONDON presented a rare combination of recommendations. The school of free or advancing thought is too important to be passed over; and yet it is precisely the section of the Church which represents principles any very distinct upholder of which, if promoted to high office, would kindle the fiercest of ecclesiastical strifes. To give a bishopric to Dean STANLEY would have instantly united as one man the Evangelicals and every section of High-Churchmen against the Government. Mr. DISRAELI could not afford to repeat the mistake committed in Dr. HAMPTON's appointment, of which the only result was his twenty years' slumber at Hereford; nor, to do the PREMIER justice, is he likely to have much sympathy with pronounced Latitudinarianism. The Bishop of LONDON is personally more or less, but certainly not more, leaning to this school. He is at any rate sufficiently alive to the tendencies of the day to recognise them. But he has other advantages which, even in eyes little disposed to see any good in ecclesiastical liberalism, if they do not atone for, extenuate even in

critical eyes his connexion with Dean STANLEY. At the general success of Bishop TAIT's episcopate few are disposed, and still fewer are able, to cavil. Certain asperities connected with his *novitas regni* have been toned down by experience; and whatever may be the Bishop of LONDON's personal convictions on disputed points, he has always subordinated them to a cordial and frank recognition of earnestness and labour in his clergy, to whatever party they belong. With genial and courteous manners he is the fairest, and we may now say the most sympathizing, of Bishops. Wherever work is done, Bishop TAIT cheers the worker by example as well as precept; and in his laudable attempt, partially successful, to grapple with the wants of his diocese, the Bishop of LONDON's Fund will mark his memory with a white stone. If the Puritan organs are disarmed of their objections to Bishop TAIT's preferment to the throne of St. AUGUSTINE by the savoury memories of his Lordship's marked, and in one or two cases forcibly marked, dislike of "ritual innovations," they are consoled by the reflection that Dean STANLEY's patron is not half so bad as Dean STANLEY himself; and while they cannot but feel, not with satisfaction, that on the whole Canterbury has for the first time received an Ecclesiastical Liberal, and one who certainly has done everything to separate himself from Archbishop LONGLEY's policy in treating the COLENSO case, yet, as the *Record* hates Bishop COLENSO much, but hates Bishop GRAY more, the Evangelicals may be said to exhibit more than acquiescence towards the new Archbishop of CANTERBURY. If the fatal gift of genius, and if his marked and original powers have disqualified the Bishop of OXFORD from that advancement to which he prefers claims of a very high order, and in some sense the highest, both the Bishop and his friends may console themselves with the unsatisfactory reflection that for more than two centuries no very distinguished prelate has occupied a place in which it is next to impossible to give full force to the highest range of powers. The great archbishopric has a soothing, if not a numbing, power; and, in Dr. TAIT's Primacy, those who look for great results one way or the other are sure to be disappointed. Bishop TAIT himself has learned from some, perhaps from a disillusioning, experience, that, whatever the place is, it can only be administered by such instruments as you have. An Archbishop must administer, not create. The days are gone by for an HILDEBRAND or a GANGANELLI. The Church of England as it is to be will be of its own development, not the creation of any archbishop, for good or for evil, for better or for worse.

In bringing Bishop JACKSON from Lincoln to London, Mr. DISRAELI is not perhaps exactly to be blamed. In the great cycle of human beings non-entity has its place and, paradoxical as the phrase is, its supremacy. When all other parties are provided for, the safe man must not be passed over. Mere safety has its advantages, and has its drawbacks. The Bishop of LINCOLN's has been an unambitious and neutral career which nobody quite blames, and nobody extols. It has been said that he repeats the present Bishop of LONDON, and indeed he does repeat him as the master of a suburban proprietary school repeats the Head-master of Rugby. As Islington is to Rugby, so is Bishop JACKSON to Bishop TAIT. This is not much. Bishop JACKSON was, we dare say, a very fair schoolmaster, and turned out highly respectable tradesmen; he was a tolerable Rector of St. James's, and he has been for many years Bishop of Lincoln. He has escaped alike popular admiration and popular sympathy. Reserved, cautious, shy, and said to be somewhat pedagogic, he has not won much love, but an average amount of confidence. It would be difficult to say anything against Bishop JACKSON, more difficult to eulogize, or even to specify, his qualifications for the See of London. He has written some very small books on very small subjects. Such a work as the "Sinfulness of Little Sins" hardly argues great theological attainments or a profound thinker. And those who like quiet preaching and a retiring clergyman to whom not to commit himself is the highest wisdom, and whose moderation consists in a firm grasp of nothing in particular, and to whom these qualities have stood in good stead throughout life, speak highly of him. But because the world only knows him as the incarnation of safety, moderation, and reserve, the diocese of London will have the benefit of a change from the two last Episcopates, neither of which could be charged or credited with that particular virtue which consists in an absence of inconvenient zeal. In Archdeacon WORDSWORTH the See of Lincoln will find a Bishop of that, as it is called, good old Church of England type, finical against the Roman Antichrist, but in other matters, especially those of learning and academical and scholastic attainments,

carrying out certain accredited, if somewhat obsolete, traditions. The remarkable thing is that the triad, Drs. TAIT, JACKSON, and WORDSWORTH, have all been schoolmasters, and not one of them a very first-rate schoolmaster either.

CUBA AND HER NEGROES.

THE reports received lately from Cuba are hazy and perplexing. English opinion naturally caught at the rumour of a negro insurrection—an event, *prima facie*, not unlikely in the present state of Spanish politics. It was supposed that, in the temporary abeyance of regular government in Spain, the slaves in her wealthiest dependency would seek the opportunity of winning their freedom. Traces of the old philanthropic fervour which ruined our West Indies to liberate our negroes still live in the popular mind; and there are probably many town-halls in England which would welcome Mr. CHAMEROZOW with the same enthusiasm as Mr. MURPHY. And the audiences would come from the same section of society in either case. It would be easy to harrow the minds of the female *bourgeoisie* in Northern cities to the same extent with the denunciation of negro wrongs and of Protestant martyrdoms. The same people who in their minds' eyes see Archbishop MANNING burning the Dean of RIPON in Leeds Clothmarket, see the Cuban negro working in chains and on half rations.

But the belief and the sympathy were mistimed. The papers or the telegrams inform us that the principal insurgents in the island are an obscure tribe of Indians, which they term aboriginal. The existence of this people must be strange to the minds of average readers who have supposed that the Cuban Caribs were long ago extirpated. It appears, moreover, that with these Indians negroes are associated, although not in sufficient numbers to justify the assertion that this is a negro insurrection. And the presence of persons of social and official position shows the movement to be something more than a petty outbreak of vulgar turbulence. The success, too, which the rebels have had against troops of the Government, and the havoc which they have wrought, indicate the inspiration of provident counsels and skilful tactics. It is possible that the main body of the insurgents—Indians, negroes, and perhaps Chinese—may be animated by a desire of independence, and it is more than probable that the leaders are turning the sentiment of their followers to their own account. However this may be, it is most probable that the Spanish Revolution will effect a very great change in the condition of the Cuban negro. It is wholly impossible that an Administration born of the most advanced Liberalism at home should tolerate the continuance of slavery in the dependencies. In days when English influence was greater than it is now, and when we could speak with greater authority than we can now, a deputation from the British Anti-Slavery Society, armed with a letter from the SECRETARY OF STATE, would have started for Madrid, and demanded of PRIM and SERRANO the immediate emancipation of the negroes. Such a step in these days would be less abortive than suicidal. What foreign interference could not do, national opinion will perform, and effect will be given by popular feeling to the beautiful sentiments in which the ladies of Madrid expressed their condemnation of Mr. FYRE. It thus becomes a curious question to consider the condition of Cuba when the great, and now inevitable, change shall have been made.

Precedents, indeed, are not wanting for our guidance; but they are very far from reassuring. What we have done in our own tropical colonies is not likely to tempt others, by its success, to an imitation of our example. We are quoted often, but it is less as an example than as a warning. The thought must frequently occur to the mind of a Cuban creole that by a policy similar to ours his country may be brought to the condition of our West Indian colonies—that Cuba may become another Jamaica, and Havana another Kingston. Such a prospect is enough to freeze the most fervid philanthropy. And, were there good grounds for believing that such causes would lead to such consequences, it would be equally humane and politic to defer the period, or modify the completeness, of the proposed emancipation. Whoever has visited Jamaica, or almost any other West Indian colony except Barbadoes, would deem it an act of the very greatest cruelty to inflict the same calamities on any other colonial community. There is, however, such a difference in the social and civil conditions of our own and the Spanish colonies, that we need hardly fear any similarity in the consequences of emancipation. At any rate, the Spanish Government has in its power, by timely provisions, to prevent

the evils which befall us. The main difference is in the respective proportions of white and black inhabitants. In Jamaica the proportion of black and coloured people to whites is now as thirty-four to one. At the time of emancipation it was about sixteen to one. In Cuba there are, or very recently were, 311,000 white people to 393,000 black and coloured, of whom 287,000 were slaves. That feeling of self-assertion, therefore, which is so strong in the negro of our colonies, is repressed in the great Spanish colony. The whole coloured population is not in a large majority, and the slave population is absolutely in a minority. There can be no such thing as a rising on the part of the latter. The numerical inferiority is so signal that a conflict would end in the utter subjugation of the inferior race now, and its perpetual repression hereafter. But other considerations weigh more powerfully than those of numbers to make a violent rising and a jealous rivalry equally impossible. There are no preachers in Cuba like those who indoctrinated the British negro with their fanatical notions of equality. The creole negro of Cuba has been brought up in the same faith as his master, and taught to regard his master as a sort of earthly deity. It never enters into his head to doubt his authority, much less to dispute it. And this implicit submission has brought about another result unfavourable to antagonism between the two races. The Spanish master, perfectly sure of the submission of his slave, treats him with a familiarity unknown in the relations of English master and negro servant. Probably there was a time when some English masters regarded their slaves in nearly the same light that the Spanish masters generally do now. But this cannot have happened often. Englishmen, and more especially Englishwomen, feel a repulsion (unaggressive, indeed, but profound) towards the black colour, which is wholly unknown to the generality of Southern Europeans. A Spaniard, a Southern Frenchman, an Italian, or a Portuguese will gossip or "chaff" with his negroes, pull their ears, and pat their heads with a familiarity which astonishes and almost revolts Englishmen. They may not be so kind in essential things, in looking after the comforts and necessities of their slaves, as a conscientious Englishman would be, but they are a great deal more popular in their manner than the most conscientious of Englishmen could be. And the very capriciousness of the Spanish or French master pleases the negro, by its resemblance to his own waywardness, more than the rigid and unbending principle of the Englishman. Again, the Spaniard in Cuba is much more of a gentleman than the average type of English resident who has taken the place of the old planter in Jamaica. And, like all coloured races, the negro is quick at discovering the quality of his master's breeding. On the whole, what with inferiority of numbers, habitual submission, and traditional respect, there is very little reason to apprehend that the free negroes will think of extruding their former masters from Cuba.

But another question still remains. Supposing the negroes to be emancipated, what will become of them, and what will they do? With the exception of those amiable optimists who rise superior to facts, there are very few who now dare to doubt the negro's invincible dislike to continuous work. Few also will venture to doubt his great capacity for barbarism. In Barbadoes he has been constrained by powers which he could not resist, by numbers which he could not overcome, and by necessities which he must satisfy, to labour for his daily bread. But Barbadoes is just the exception to the rule which governs his normal tendencies. In Jamaica, where he has had a clear stage and favourable combinations such as the working-men of England never dreamed of in their wildest hopes, he has falsified every friendly, and justified every hostile, anticipation. With a soil which retains marvellous fertility after the slovenly and exhausting cultivation of many years, with a rapid, spontaneous, and facile produce which is able to satisfy the hunger of man, with the ready means of building such cottages as the climate necessitates, and with the opportunity of earning wages ample for the purchase of luxuries, the advocates of the Jamaica negro represent him as pinched by poverty and degraded by oppression. He is poor where he might easily be rich; he has no money where he might easily accumulate it; he is idle where there are innumerable incentives and opportunities of industry. His house is dirty, damp, and unhealthy. His children grow up, not only in ignorance and poverty, but in the most barbarous squalor and the most horrible licentiousness. Every trait of kindness, courtesy, good humour, and good manners which distinguished the old Jamaica negro slave or the ex-apprentice of thirty years ago, has nearly disappeared from his family now. His sons and grandsons are, for the most part and with too few

exceptions, rude, insolent, insubordinate, licentious, and savage. It is not likely that the Spanish authorities will desire to reproduce this type in Cuba. It is not likely that they will allow the colony to be occupied by an alien race at once useless and hostile. Neither is it likely that they will permit it to descend to the condition of Hayti. It is far more probable that they will follow the example of France, and by stringent enactments ensure both the usefulness and the improvement of the people whom they emancipate. In the French colonies the free negro is not permitted to do exactly as he chooses. He is not, *uno saltu*, turned into a freeholder, or jurymen, or voter, or a member of the Legislature. He is bound to prove the possession of a competence, or, if unable to do this, to follow some decent trade or work for wages. He is not allowed, like the Jamaica negro, to squat first on one plot of land, and then on another; to exhaust both by slovenly cultivation, and then to indemnify himself by riotous remonstrances or open rebellion. If he is treated as a child, he is also protected as a child. He is protected from the worst enemy, his own wayward indolence. He is obliged to earn a livelihood by work, and also to conform to wholesome regulations of police. The filth and squalor which meet the eye, the oaths and obscenity which assail the ear, in Jamaica, are unknown in Bourbon and Martinique. The drilling and discipline which the negro has undergone in these colonies preserve him both from the idleness and from the insolence which characterize his brethren in Jamaica; and no tropical colony retained by France has yet sunk to the degradation of Hayti. The large proportion of whites to blacks will in Cuba give some stimulus to the virtues of the negro, and present a higher standard of energy than his own race supplies. The character of the negro, like the character of the Irishman, is coloured by that of the classes which surround him. What the majority of the people around him are, that he tries to become himself. When he and his are in the majority, the standard of manners and morals falls rapidly. On the whole, Spain may be able to prove to the world that an inferior race can be disciplined into civilization by the force of social influences, and that a population which has learned work only through slavery may practise it in freedom. If the experiment of emancipation fails in Cuba, Spain will probably cease to care for a splendid but unprofitable appanage; and the "manifest destiny" of the United States is always ready to comprehend in its embraces any amount of additional territory. A Republic which has grappled with emancipation in the Southern States need not dread a repetition of the conflict in a single island. But whether previous experience has been favourable enough to inspire a desire for its repetition is a question which American statesmen can better answer than ourselves. It is at all events to be hoped that Spain will be strong enough to keep her black subjects in good order; and that the richest of the Antilles will not affront the world with the spectacle of another negro community relapsing into savagery, while it apes the demeanour and plays with the insignia of the most advanced civilization.

ADMINISTRATIVE THRIFT.

MR. BRIGHT, in a recent speech at Birmingham, started a question which deserves more consideration than it has received, though the off-hand solution which he offered of the difficulty is by no means so obvious as he assumed it to be. The question was, by what machinery economical administration can be best secured; and a more important subject could scarcely be proposed for discussion. It is scarcely going too far to say that no nation has entirely succeeded in establishing an efficient check on wasteful expenditure. In England, in France, and in America very different methods are adopted, really or ostensibly framed with this laudable object, but they are all more or less failures. Is our plan of preparing and passing the Estimates the best of those which have been actually tried? If so, is it, or is it not, capable of being rendered less inefficient, and by what machinery? Mr. BRIGHT not only propounds these questions, but, with his usual confidence, answers them in the same breath. He says that, in this matter, all the vigilance of a JOSEPH HUME is powerless in the House, and all the responsibility of Ministers a mere delusion in the Cabinet; and that, as a matter of fact, there is no force really at work to prevent the waste of public money, while there are many forces always active in the opposite direction. Mr. BRIGHT says further, that we should find a perfect remedy for the mischief in the appointment of

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On the other side it has been insisted—and the arguments have been well summed up by the *Times*—first, that Ministerial responsibility and the vigilance of private members are effectual safeguards, and do in the main secure substantial economy; and secondly, that the Committee machinery has been tried elsewhere without success—that it would annihilate such checks as we do possess at present, without substituting anything more efficient in their place. We cannot wholly agree with the views either of Mr. BRIGHT or of the *Times*. It will require a great deal more than an off-hand assertion in an electioneering speech to prove the feasibility of Mr. BRIGHT's project, but on one point we are entirely with him. Whatever the remedy may be, and whether any remedy at all is to be found, there can be no doubt about the existence of administrative waste on a frightful scale, which no sense of responsibility on the part of the Cabinet, nor any amount of criticism in the House of Commons, has hitherto sufficed to check. To take one specimen only, the disclosures before Mr. SEELY's Committee as to the continuous waste of public money by the Admiralty, at all times and under all Administrations, are quite appalling; and though the Board of Admiralty may possibly be worse than any other department, it is quite possible also that the others would make as sorry an appearance if they were cursed with an equally industrious and sagacious accuser. Nor is it very difficult to see why our existing machinery fails, and always must fail, to secure economy. And by economy we do not mean mere reduction of Estimates, but thrift in the application of public money, so as to insure that nothing shall be paid for that is not wanted, and that whatever is wanted, whether in the shape of services or of materials, shall be obtained at the lowest cost consistent with complete efficiency.

Few persons will venture to say that this kind of thrift is, as a rule, to be traced in our executive departments. And what right have we to expect it? We are told, quite truly, that the Minister at the head of each department has a veto upon every item of expenditure proposed by his subordinates; that the Cabinet, again, is a committee of revision which can cut down the Estimates of any individual Minister; and that, in the last resort, every vote has to pass the House of Commons, and may be refused or reduced if a good case can be made against it. And yet the fact remains that the details of the Estimates out of which the grand totals are made up are necessarily fixed by the permanent officials, who alone know anything about them. Mr. BRIGHT put the case coarsely, but not untruly, when he said that only a fool or a knave could advise him to do battle with extravagance by detailed assaults in Committee of the whole House, after the fashion of JOSEPH HUME. No one could have played this part more assiduously than HUME did, and he failed to make any appreciable mark upon the annual Estimates. It is obvious that a body of 658 members cannot by possibility revise the items of the various bills which the several executive departments annually present to the nation. If the attempt were seriously made, and every questionable item were seriously debated, the whole time of Parliament would be spent upon the Estimates, and the revision would not even then be complete. So obvious is this that, except for the purpose of raising some question of principle, such as that which arose on the CHURCHWARD contracts some years ago, it is an understood thing between the Parliamentary leaders that the Government for the time being shall not be put in a minority on the Estimates, but shall be allowed to take, on their own responsibility, whatever votes they declare to be necessary for the public service. We are far from saying that this understanding is wrong, but we do say that it makes the Parliamentary revision of the Estimates a mere sham, and leaves the public purse protected only by Ministerial responsibility. Now let us consider how far this is a reality. That it does operate in some way and to some extent cannot, we think, be doubted. A Cabinet that gets the character of always wasting more money than the leaders of the opposite party must naturally be anxious to show that at any rate it does not spend more; and many instances might be cited in which this kind of responsibility has induced a Minister to propose extremely low Estimates. But if the Cabinet go in ever so strongly for retrenchment, all they can do as a body is to say that the Army Minister or the Navy Minister must knock off a million each somehow. The Minister repeats the command to his principal subordinates, and they tell him that the only way to save the money is to build fewer ships and enrol fewer men; and the result is that the saving which political exigencies may require is made with-

out the smallest regard to the real necessities of the Service. But this is not economy, and yet it is the only kind of saving which the responsibility of the Cabinet even tends to produce. It is impossible for a dozen Ministers, or even for the particular chief of any one department, really to know much about details of expenditure, or to say where money is being wasted and where thrift may be practised with safety. They have no choice, if they want to diminish expenditure, except to reduce the scale of their establishments, and to stop useful and useless outlay by the same order. There cannot be discrimination between thrifty outlay and wasteful expenditure without an amount of accurate detailed knowledge which no Minister can be expected to possess. If, therefore, we assume a Cabinet to feel oppressed by their responsibility for the national expenditure, they are substantially helpless for want of the requisite knowledge. And, in truth, they have little inducement to acquire it, if it were possible, which it is not. To introduce thrifty administration where extravagance has long been in fashion means that you are to tread upon innumerable toes, and many of them toes which a Minister will be chary of treading on; and it is so much easier not to know anything about these details, that no one can wonder that a Cabinet Minister rests contented with a very superficial acquaintance with them. Nor has he any rebuke to fear, even if it were reasonable to take him to task for every shilling unwisely spent. He knows that the sin is common to himself and his predecessor, and will be shared by his successor in his turn. Personal responsibility and Cabinet responsibility are alike imaginary under such conditions. Neither Sir JOHN PAKINGTON nor the Cabinet felt the slightest responsibility in the matter of SEELY's pigs or the Admiralty anchor contracts. And we do not see why they should do so, when a dozen First Lords during the last twenty or thirty years were all equally responsible in theory, and perhaps all equally ignorant of the waste which was going on.

The only conclusion that seems possible is this—that, while Ministerial responsibility may, and often does, operate to effect a wise or unwise reduction of the Estimates, it has no tendency to prevent a much worse evil, the expenditure of money without return, or without a return at all adequate to the outlay. In France the Government is costly because its establishments are on an enormous scale, and not because their money is injudiciously laid out. In England we are burdened with heavy taxes, not because our army is excessively large or our fleet needlessly strong, but because for what establishments we have we pay more money than they ought to cost. Our system of Parliamentary supervision and Ministerial responsibility wholly fails to touch the mischief, and, whatever may be thought of his substitute, Mr. BRIGHT cannot be blamed for inviting attention to so deplorable a result. What the true remedy may be is too large a question to deal with at the end of an article.

CASUISTRY.

THERE can be no shallower fallacy than is implied in the popular saying, "There's nothing in a name." The old dispute between Nominalists and Realists turned quite as much on a confusion of thought as on a substantial difference of ideas. Names are realities just as much as any other existing fact, and have a life of their own which shows itself in its results. It may be true very often that the rose will smell as sweet by whatsoever name the botanist may choose to designate it. But even when it is indifferent, to begin with, what name you give—and this is by no means always the case—the name once given ceases to be indifferent. Schoolboy nicknames, for instance, invariably hit some actual peculiarity of character or circumstance or deportment, but they tend to create an impression as well as to convey it, and they frequently stick to a man through life. Nor does it at all follow that those who are able to fix a name will necessarily also be able to fix the connotation it shall bear. To take a familiar example, the name of Christian was originally coined as a term of reproach, and the name of Jesuit as a title of honour, though both have a common derivation. But from the first each of these designations acquired a meaning, if not "clean from the purpose of the things themselves," precisely opposite to what was intended by their respective authors. And to this day it is regarded almost as equally insulting to call a man a Jesuit, as to refuse to call him a Christian. True, there are the widest differences of opinion as to what Christianity consists in, and multitudes who claim the title would repudiate pretty nearly every characteristic, whether of belief or practice, which its etymology would suggest, just as multitudes stigmatize their enemies as Jesuits with as little distinct notion of the real meaning of the name as the pious old woman who was so infinitely consoled by that blessed word Mesopotamia. But that only proves the more clearly what we set out by asserting, that there is a great deal in

a name, quite apart from what may be its proper significance. The subject we are going to speak of is a striking instance of this power of names to colour our whole conception of the thing named. "Casuistical" is hardly a less opprobrious epithet in popular language than "Jesuitical," and very much the same kind of reproach is implied in the use of either term. This may be partly because the Jesuits have been in modern times the great masters of casuistry, and still more, perhaps, from the evil immorality to which the *Provincial Letters* have doomed their speculations. Still Pascal neither invented the name of the science, nor would he have condemned anything but what he considered an abuse of it. A further explanation of its unpopularity among ordinary Englishmen may be found in its supposed connexion with the Confessional, and a third in its supposed contrast to that practical common sense on which John Bull so extravagantly—and too often with such slender reason—prides himself. At all events, however we may account for it, there can be no question that casuistry has got a very bad name among us. To call a man a mere casuist means that he is at best a splitter of hairs; to call a chain of argument casuistical is a rather less unpollite way of saying that it is dishonest. It is worth inquiring whether casuistry deserves this reproach, or, in other words, whether it is, properly speaking, a science or art at all, or merely—like the sophistry attributed to Socrates in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes—an ingenious method of making the worse appear the better cause. We say science or art, for "the imperative mood is the characteristic of art as distinguished from science," to use Mr. Mill's words; but then it is also true that "art in general consists of the truths of science, arranged in the most convenient order for practice," and the rules must at all events be based on the scientific theorems. If therefore we are to have rules of casuistry, there must be a science of the principles from which they are deduced.

Now, in the first place, it is essential, for getting an unprejudiced view of the question, to clear it of what may be called its theological accidents. For the *odium theologicum*, whatever may be said to the contrary, has by no means lost its power of distorting the judgment in this enlightened age. When the fortunes of a critical election are attempted to be turned by the flattering insinuation that the future Premier is a Papist in disguise, and one of his most distinguished followers an undisguised atheist, it is somewhat premature to boast our superiority to all controversial prejudice. Casuistry, philosophically considered, has nothing whatever to do with any religious controversy, whether between Christian and heathen, or between Catholic and Protestant. It is a purely psychological question, and there are, in fact, whole books of the *Ethics* of Aristotle mainly occupied in what we should call casuistical inquiries. But it is not too much to say that among ourselves the first, and to many men the only, ideas suggested by the word are connected with the Confessional and the Jesuits. Nor is this singularly one-sided view of the case by any means confined to the uneducated. The *Confessional Unmasked* was no doubt an appeal to the passions of the ignorant multitude, and the *rationale* of the appeal—so far as any design to be rational can be predicated of the Protestant Association—lay precisely in the assumption that disquisitions on degrees and kinds of vice are necessarily immoral. But it would be hard to identify Professor Kingsley with Messrs. Murphy and Whalley, and his famous contest with Dr. Newman originated in just the same way. He had discovered in Roman Catholic manuals minute disquisitions on "the virtue of veracity," and on the lawful or unlawful methods of equivocation, and he jumped at once to the notable conclusion that the Roman clergy did not value truth for its own sake; the suppressed premises of course being that, if they did, they would have left it to take care of itself, and not indulged in these casuistical distinctions. Mr. Kingsley is as good a representative of the cultivated, as Messrs. Brockman and Murphy are of the uncultivated, classes of society. And we find them agreed in assuming, as too self-evident to require any attempt at proof, that casuistry is simply another word for sophistry, and in treating it as a speciality of the literature of the Romish Confessional. It might be alleged in defence of the latter view, that whole libraries of casuistical theology have been compiled by Roman Catholic divines during the last three centuries—for there was not much literature of the kind before; whereas only two Anglican writers of note can be named who have treated the subject systematically—Sanderson and Jeremy Taylor. And in their day the practice of confession was still very common in England, and probably both of them—certainly the latter—recommended it. After all, however, this proves nothing for or against the claims of casuistry as a science. It only shows, what might have been anticipated beforehand, that any branch of science is sure to be more elaborately and voluminously treated when it is a professional use. Law and theology would not cease to be sciences if a clean sweep was made of our Courts of justice and our clergy; but they would cease to be cultivated except by the philosophical few, because there would be no one whose special business it was to cultivate them. And just so there has been no demand for casuistical treatises among Protestants, because there was no particular body of men whose duty it was to study them. There are very few treatises on psychology written anywhere for the same reason, yet psychology is certainly a branch of scientific inquiry. And so we are brought back to the old question, whether there is really a science of casuistry or not? We need not even stop till we have satisfied ourselves what is the exact force of Mr. Kingsley's or Captain Brockman's objections to the moral

theology of Dens or Liguori. That is a matter of detail, and we are concerned here with the principle. *Abusus non tollit usum*, is a maxim universally admitted. The point to be decided is, not whether casuistry can be abused—as what cannot in this world of ours?—but whether it has any legitimate use. If it has, it will be no less a mistake, and an injurious mistake, to ignore it because it has often been misused for dishonest ends, than it was for the Athenians to ignore the teaching of Socrates because the sophists had got a bad name, and he was popularly identified with them.

If we take the etymology of the word, casuistry means the science that deals with "cases of conscience," just as logic is the science that deals with forms of thought. It has been said over and over again—truly enough, but very irrelevantly—that nobody learns to reason by studying manuals of logic, and it is equally true that nobody learns to act rightly by studying rules of casuistry, as it is also true that children do not acquire the use of their limbs from treatises on muscular action or anatomy. But that is not the point. A man who sits down to the study of a casuistical system, however admirably constructed, in order to shape his course of conduct by its directions, would be very much like a man in perfect health devoting himself to medical studies, and carefully arranging all the details of his daily life on the most approved hygienic principles. The former would soon become an insufferable prig, if he did not become a hypocrite or go melancholy mad; and the latter would be very lucky if he only became a confirmed hypochondriac, and not a confirmed valetudinarian as well. Does it follow that medical science is mischievous or useless? The fact is that, as long as mind and body are in order, they perform their functions naturally and as a matter of course, and this is their normal and healthy state. But then, unfortunately, they are very apt to get out of order. And it is as foolish to reject the services of the physician when you are really ill, as to send for him every time you have a headache or a cold. Now logic and casuistry stand in the same relation to the mind as the science of medicine does to the body. It will hardly be denied that there are ills which the soul, as well as the flesh, is heir to. Our mental and moral nature is a very complex machinery, and is at least as liable to disease as our bodily constitution. We do not, as was observed just now, learn to reason from logic books. But what is so common as false reasoning, especially among women or men of defective education? And the only corrective for it is a mastery of logical principles, whether obtained from books or from our own meditations. Even right conclusions are often based on the most ludicrously inconsequent arguments. Lord Mansfield's advice to a young Indian judge—clever, but ignorant of law—was to give his decision confidently, for it would probably be right; but never to give his reasons, for they would certainly be wrong. And Coleridge tells us of a lady friend of his whose opinion he valued highly, but he always stopped her when she began to explain the grounds of it, for they were sure to be worthless. All men, however, are not gifted with the happy intuition which supersedes the need for argument and proof, and, till they are, logical science will continue to be the essential corrective and safeguard of the processes of the human intellect. Does the action of conscience require any similar control? In other words, does the path of duty lie always so straight before us that an honest man can entertain no reasonable doubt about it? This is the "common sense" view of the matter. Yet surely the question answers itself. It may be admitted that in nine doubtful cases out of ten a thoroughly upright man will instinctively choose the right course, but it is equally certain that in the tenth his instinct is as likely as not to point to the wrong one, without any fault of his. And considering how mixed most men's characters are, and how subtle and secret is the play of conflicting motives, these doubtful cases give an almost unlimited scope for the action of self-deceit. Duties, it has been said, never clash. And in one sense this is true, for while there may be a thousand occasions where opposite courses may be pursued without any breach of moral obligation, in every question of right and wrong one of two courses must be wrong. The lesser duty yields to the greater, and therefore ceases to be a duty. But seeming duties very often clash, and this is where casuistry comes in to decide between them. It is a duty to speak the truth, but it is also a duty to guard your friend's secret. Suppose you cannot keep his secret without equivocation or falsehood, what is to be done? According to one school of casuists, you may equivocate, but may never lie; this is the more common teaching of modern Roman theologians. According to another—which has the authority of St. Augustine and the Anglican casuistical writers, and to which Dr. Newman inclines—you may tell a lie where your interrogator has no right to the information he asked for, as Scott frequently did about the authorship of the *Waverley* novels. According to a third, you must speak the truth, or—which would often practically come to the same thing—decline to speak at all. There is something to be said for each of the rival theories, though the last would sometimes be very difficult to work, and it is no part of our business here to adjudicate between them. But one or other must be acted upon, and it is obviously of some importance to ascertain which. Take, again, a very different example from what has been variously called by theological writers "the economy," or the *disciplina arcani*, or the "doctrine of reserve." There are plenty of apparent instances of it in Scripture, and it was formed into a recognised system in the early Church. 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but is it altogether wrong in principle? Or is it not, as has been justly pointed out, a rule which nature suggests to every one? "When we would persuade others, we do not begin by treading on their toes." There are confessedly cases where killing is no murder; may there, or may there not, be cases where lying is no sin? If there are, it cannot be wrong to try to define what they are, and it cannot be right—or indeed anything but most absurd—to say, in effect, that no doubt circumstances will occur where every man worthy the name of man will tell a lie, and would be a brute or a fool if he did not, but still it is quite indefensible in principle, and the less said about it the better. This is what we called just now the "common sense" way of dealing with the matter, and it is undoubtedly very common indeed.

Many persons, we are aware, think it enough to put aside the whole subject with a shrug or a sneer, as belonging to what they consider a "morbid" state of mind, and as though the very suggestion of it implied a want of manliness or strength of mind. But this view will not hold water for a moment. When Dr. Newman says somewhere, that "the greatest school of evasion is the House of Commons, and the hustings is another," he is at least pointing to an obvious matter of fact. The most robust contempt for the minutiae of religious scruples and the "morbid" self-scrutiny of the confessional will not exempt a man from having these cases of conscience forced on his consideration. He may scout the very notion of theorizing on the subject as childish or superstitious, but he will be obliged to act, consciously or unconsciously, on some theory. Like the man who found he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, we shall find, if we ask ourselves the question, that we have been casuists all our lives without knowing it. To say that there ought to be no science of casuistry is to say that it is better to act in a very large number of cases without attempting to realize or define the principles we act upon. And to defend this conclusion on the ground that many casuistical writers have been no better than triflers or sophists, and that to shape one's daily life on the study of a series of minute technical rules would blunt the edge of conscience and induce a sickly habit of mind demoralizing to the whole character, is very like telling us to burn all our logic books because Aldrich is full of blunders, and close our schools of medicine because foolish old women of both sexes have before now worried themselves, by a course of daily consultations with their doctor, out of rude health into a state of chronic hypochondria. The Jesuits may or may not deserve their evil repute. But even if the worst that has been said of them falls short of their deserts, we need not reject a science because they have handled or perverted it, any more than we reject the classics, of which for some two centuries they were the principal editors. If the Ten Commandments are their own sufficient interpreters, or if everybody's conscience is infallible, there is no room for a science of casuistry. We are inclined to think that the burden of proof lies on those who repudiate it.

SUPERIOR BEINGS.

EVERY now and then one comes across the path of a Superior Being—a being that seems to imagine itself made out of a different kind of clay from that which forms the coarser ruck of humanity, and whose presence crushes us with a sense of our own inferiority, exasperating or humiliating, according to the amount of natural pride bestowed upon us. The superior being is of either sex, and of all denominations; and its superiority comes from many causes, being due sometimes to a wider grasp of intellect, sometimes to a loftier standard of morals, sometimes to better birth or a longer purse, and very often to the simple conceit of itself which simulates superiority, and believes in its own apathy. The chief characteristic of the superior being is that exalted pity for inferiority which springs from the consciousness of excellence. In fact, one of the main elements of superiority consists in this sublime consciousness of private exaltation, and of the immense interval that separates it from the grosser condition it surveys. Rivalry is essentially angry and contentious, but confessed superiority can afford to be serene and compassionate. The little people who live in that meagre sphere of theirs, mental or social, with which not one point of its own extended circle comes in contact, are deserving of all pity, and are below anything like active displeasure. That they should be content with such a meagre sphere seems inconceivable to the superior being, as it contemplates its own enlarged horizon with the complacency that belongs to a dweller in vastness. Or it may be that its own world is narrow; and its superiority will then be that it is high, safe, and exclusive, while its pity will flow down for those poor wayfarers who wander afield in broad latitudes, and know nothing of the pleasure found in reserved places. In any case the region in which a superior being dwells is better than the region in which any other person dwells.

Take a superior being who has made up a private account with truth, and who has, in his own mind at least, unlocked the gate of the great mysteries of life, and got to the back of that eternal *qui bono* for ever confronting us. It does not in the least degree signify how the key is labelled; it may be High Church or Low Church, Swedenborgianism or Positivism. The name has nothing to do with the thing; it is the contented certainty of having unlocked that great gate at which others are only hammering in vain which confers the superiority, and how the thing has been done does not affect the result. Neither does it disturb the equanimity of the

superior being when he meets with opposing superior beings who have also made up their private accounts with truth, but in quite another handwriting and with a different sum-total at the bottom of the page; who have also unlocked the gate of the great mysteries, but with a key of contradictory wards, while the gate itself is of another order of architecture altogether. But then nothing ever does disturb the equanimity of the superior being; for, as he is above all rivalry, so is he beyond all teaching. The meeting of two superior beings of hostile creeds is only like the meeting of the two blind kings in the story, each claiming the crown for his own, and both ignorant of the very existence of a rival. It may be that the superior being has soared away into the cold region of spiritual negation, whence he regards the praying and praising multitudes who go to church and believe in Providence as grown people regard children who still believe in ghosts and fairies. Or it may be that he has plunged into the phosphorescent atmosphere of mysticism and an all-pervading superstition; and then all who hold by scientific law, and who think the test of common sense not absolutely valueless, are Sadducees who know nothing of the glorious liberty of the light, but who prefer to live in darkness, and make themselves the agents of the great Lord of Lies. Sometimes the superior being goes in for the doctrine of love and impulse, as against reason or experience, holding the physiologist and political economist as creatures absolutely devoid of feeling; and sometimes his superiority is shown in the application of the hardest material laws to the most subtle and delicate manifestations of the mind. But on which side soever he ranks himself—as a spiritualist to whom reason and matter are stumbling-blocks and accursed, or as a materialist denying the existence of spiritual influences at all—he is equally secure of his own superiority and serene in his own conceit. That there should be two sides to any question never seems to strike him; and that a man of another creed should have as much right as himself to a hearing and consideration is the one hard saying impossible for him to receive. With a light and airy manner of playful contempt—sometimes with a heavy and Johnsonian scorn that keeps no terms with an opponent—the superior being meets all your arguments or batters down all your objections; sometimes, indeed, he will not condescend even so far as this, but when you express your adverse opinion just lifts up his eyebrows with a good-humoured kind of surprise at your mental state, but lets you see that he thinks you too hopeless, and himself too superior, to waste powder and shot upon you. It is of the nature of things that there should be moles and that there should be eagles; so much the worse for the moles, who must be content to remain blind, not seeing things patent to the nobler vision.

The superior being is sometimes a person who is above all the passions and weaknesses of ordinary men; a philosopher, or an etherialized woman dwelling on serene Olympian heights which no clouds obscure, and where no earth-fogs rise. The passions which shake the human soul, as tempests shake the forest trees, and warp men's lives according to the run of their own lines, are unknown to these Olympian personages, and they cannot understand their power. They look on these tempestuous souls with a curious analytical gaze according to the direction of the agony through which they pass, and wonder why they cannot keep as calm and quiet as they themselves are. They sit in scornful judgment on the mysterious impulses regulating human nature—regulating and disturbing—and think how perfect all things would be if only passions and instincts were cut out of the great plan, and men and women were left to the dominion of pure reason. But they do not take into their account the law of constitutional necessity, and they are utterly unable to strike anything like a balance between the good and evil wrought both by the tempests of souls and by those of nature. They only know that storms are inconvenient, and that for themselves they have no need for such convulsions to clear off stagnant humours, nor are they made of elements which kindle and explode at the contact of such or such materials. And if they know nothing of all this, why then should others? If they can sit on Olympian heights serene above all passion, why should not the whole world sit with them, and fogs and fires be conditions unknown? When this kind of superior being is a woman, there is something pretty in the sublime assumption of her supremacy, and the sweeping range of her condemnation. Sheltered from temptation and secure from danger, she looks out on life from the serene heights of her safe place, and wonders how men can fail and women fall before the power of trials of which she knows only the name. Her circulation is languid and her temperament phlegmatic, and therefore the burning desire of life which sends the strong into danger, perhaps into sin, is as much unknown to her as is the fever of the tropics to a Laplander crouching in his snow-hut; but she judges none the less positively because of her ignorance, and, as she looks into your quivering face with her untroubled eyes, lets you see plainly enough how she despises all the human frailties under which you or yours may have tripped and stumbled. Sometimes she rebukes you loftily. Your soul is sore with the consciousness of your sin, your heart is weak with the pain of life; but the superior being tells you that repentance cannot undo the evil that has been done, and that to feel pain is weak. The superiority which some women assume over men is very odd. It is like the grave rebuke of a child, not knowing what it is that it rebukes. When women take up their parable, and censure men for the wild or evil things they do, not understanding how or why it has come

about that they have done them, and knowing as little of the inner causes as of the outer, they are in the position of superior beings talking unmitigated rubbish. To be sure, it is very sweet and innocent rubbish, and has a lofty air about it that redeems what else would be mere presumption; but there is no more practical worth in what they say than there is in the child's rebuke when its doll will not stand upright on sawdust legs, or eat a crumb of cake with its waxen lips. This is one reason why women of the order of superior beings have so little influence over men; they judge without knowledge, and condemn without insight. If they could thoroughly fathom man's nature, so as to understand his difficulties, they would then have moral power if their aims were higher than his, their principles more lofty, their practice more pure. As it is, they have next to none, and the very men who seem to yield to them most go only so far as to conceal what the superior being disapproves of; they do not change because of her greater weight of doctrine.

Men show themselves as superior beings to women on another count—intellectually, rather than morally. While women rebuke men for their sins, men snub women for their follies; the one wields the spiritual, the other the intellectual, weapon of castigation, and both hold themselves superior, beyond all possibility of rivalry, according to the chance of sex. The masculine view of a subject always imposes itself on women as something unattainable by the feminine mind; and nine times out of ten brings them to a due sense of their own inferiority, save in the case of the superior being, to whom of course the masculine view counts for nothing against her own. But even when women do not accept a man's opinions, they instinctively recognise their greater value, their greater breadth and strength. Perhaps they cry out against their hardness, if he is a political economist and they are emotional; or against their lower morality if he goes in for universal charity and latitudinarianism, and they are enthusiasts with a clearly-defined faith, and a belief in its infallibility. There are wide tracts of difference between the two minds, not to be settled by the *ipse dixit* of even a superior being; but in general the superiority of the man makes itself more felt than the superiority of the woman. While one talks, the other acts, and snubbing does more than condemnation.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE CONQUEROR.

WE hope that travellers, as distinguished from tourists, are beginning to learn that, if they wish to travel to much profit, they must be content often to forsake beaten tracks, and to plunge into regions where their red Murrys will give them very little help. Neither fine natural positions, nor the scenes of historic events, nor even buildings of high architectural character, are at all confined to the great lines of road and railway, or to any other route marked out by the caprice of fashion. We suspect that this is true everywhere, unless in those countries which nobody visits at all, and where one object is as much a piece of new discovery as another. It certainly is so in Normandy and in the countries connected with Normandy. Many of the great events of Norman history, many of the chief events in the life of the Great William, certainly happened conveniently in or near to the great cities of the Duchy. But many others also happened in somewhat out of the way places, which no one is likely to get to unless he goes there on purpose. The Conqueror received his death-wound at Mantes, he died in a suburb of Rouen, he was buried at Caen. All these are places easy to get at. Perhaps we should except Mantes, which in a certain sense is not easy to get at. All the world goes by Mantes, but few people stop there. The reason is manifest. The traveller who goes by Mantes commonly has in his pocket a ticket for Paris, which enables him to spend a day at Rouen, but not to spend a day at Mantes. People very anxious to stop at Mantes, and to muse, so to speak, among its embers, have had great searchings of heart how to get there, and have not accomplished their object till after some years of reflection. And the interest of Mantes, after all, is mainly negative. The town stands well; its river, its bridges, its islands, suggest the days when Scandinavian pirates sailed up the Seine and encamped with special delight on such *eys* or *holms* as that between Mantes and Limay. A specially prolonged fit of musing may perhaps lead one to regret the prowess of Count Odo, and to wish that Paris also had received that wholesome Northern infusion which still works so healthily between the Epte and the Coesnon. But Mantes, as regards William, is something like Mortemer as regards William's rival King Henry. Mantes can show no traces of William or his age, for the simple reason that William took good care that no such traces should be left. By perhaps the worst deed of his life, a deed which awakened special indignation at the time, he gave Mantes to destruction to avenge a silly jest of its sovereign. At Mantes he held his churning and lighted his candles, and their blaze burned up houses, churches, whatever was there. Therefore, because William himself was there in only too great force, it is that Mantes has no work of man to show on which William can ever have looked. The church, whose graceful towers every one has seen from the railway, is a grand fabric a hundred years or more later than William's time, but to Norman and English eyes it might seem that, with such a height as it has, the building ought to have fully doubled its actual length. The third tower, that of a destroyed church, is worth study as an example

of a striking kind of cinque-cento, the design being purely Gothic and the details being strongly Italianized. But, after all, the architectural inquirer will be best pleased with the fine Romanesque tower in the suburb of Limay, and the lover of picturesque effect will not fail to dwell on the mediæval bridge which leads thither from the town.

So much for the spot, beyond the limits of his own Duchy, where William, in the words of our Chronicles, "did a useful thing, and more usefully it him befel." Of the points within Normandy which his name invests with their main interest, we have already spoken of his birth-place at Falaise—where the brutal work of "restoration," i.e. of scraping and destroying, is still going on in full force—of the field of his early victory at Val-ès-dunes, and of the victory won for him by others at Mortemer. We may, however, suggest that any one who visits Val-ès-dunes will not do amiss if he extends his ramble as far as the churches of Cintheaux and Quilly. Cintheaux is one of the best of the small but rich twelfth-century churches which are so common in the district. And its worthy curé, the historian of Val-ès-dunes, is doing his best to bring it back to its former state, without subjecting it, like Falaise or like one of the spires of Saint Stephen's, to the cruel martyrdom of the apostle Bartholomew. Quilly is more remarkable still, as possessing a tower containing marked vestiges of that earlier Romanesque style of which Normandy contains so much fewer examples than either England or Aquitaine. Cintheaux=Centella, has also a certain historic interest in the generation after William. There, in 1105, King Henry and Duke Robert, "duo germani fratres," had a conference. We forget who it was who translated "duo germani fratres" by "two German brothers," and went on to rule that the Henry spoken of must have been the Emperor Henry the Fourth, and to remark that the conference happened not very long before his death. Cintheaux, however, has carried us from the age of William into the age of his sons, and we must retrace our steps somewhat. The sites connected with William himself will easily fall into three classes—those which belong to his wars with France and Anjou, those which figure in the Breton campaign which he waged in company with Earl Harold, and those which have a direct bearing on the Conquest of England. The second class we may easily dispose of. Of Dol and Dinan we have said somewhat already, and Dinan especially is a place familiar to many Englishmen besides those who go there to insult or to honour the local hero. But we may remark that, though Dinan contains few remains of any great antiquity, few places better preserve the general effect of an ancient town. It still rises grandly above the river, spanned both by the lowly ancient bridge and the gigantic modern viaduct; the walls are nearly perfect, and houses, partly through the necessities of the site, have not spread themselves at all largely beyond them. We may add that the good sense of the inhabitants has found out a way to make excellent boulevards without sacrificing the walls to their creation. Rennes, the furthest point reached by the two comrades so soon to become enemies, is now wholly a modern city. Saint Michael's Mount has become a popular lion, which can only be seen under the vexatious companionship of a guide and a "party." It is therefore impossible to study the interior with much comfort or profit. Yet one has still time to wonder at the strange effect produced by crowding the buildings of a great monastery on the top of the rock, an effect which reaches its highest point when we go up a staircase and find ourselves landed in a cloister of singular beauty. But the rock and the buildings—nowhere better seen than from the Mount of Dol—are still there, a most striking object from every point of the landscape, Saint Michael "in peril of the sea" seeming to watch over the bay which bears his name, as from his height at Glastonbury he seems to watch over the flats and the hills peopled with the names alike of British and of West-Saxon heroes. And the vast expanse of sand brings vividly before us the scene in the Tapestry where the giant strength of the English Earl is shown lifting with ease the soldiers who found themselves engulfed in the treacherous stream.

The wars of William with Geoffrey of Anjou and Henry of Paris introduce us to several points, striking in the way both of nature and of art. Few among them surpass Domfront, William's first conquest beyond the bounds of his own Duchy, the fortress which he won by the mere terror of his name after the fearful vengeance which he had inflicted on the rebels of Alençon. The spot reminds one in some degree of his own birth-place at Falaise. That is to say, the castle crowns one rocky hill, and looks out on another, still wilder and more rugged, with a pass between them, through which runs the stream of the Varenne, a tributary of the Mayenne, as that is in its turn of the Loire. But the position of the two towns is different. Though the castle of Falaise occupies so commanding a site, the town itself is anything but one of the hill-towns, while Domfront is one of the best of the class. Not that it is the least likely to be an ancient hill-fort, like Chartres, Le Mans, or Angers; both Falaise and Domfront are, beyond all doubt, towns which have gathered round their respective castles in comparatively modern times. Both, there can be no doubt, date, in their very beginnings, from a time later than the Norman settlement. Still Domfront is practically a hill-town; the walls simply fence in the top of the height, and the town, never having reached any great size, has not yet spread itself to the bottom. A more picturesque site can hardly be found. Of the castle the chief remnant is a shattered fragment of the keep, most likely the very fortress which surrendered to William's youthful energy. As for churches, the only

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one within the walls is worthless, but the church of Notre Dame at the foot of the hill is one of the best and purest specimens of Norman work on a moderate scale to be found anywhere. The original work is nearly untouched, except that the barbarism of modern times has removed about half the nave.

After Domfront had submitted to William and had become permanently incorporated with Normandy, he himself founded the fortress of Ambières, as a border stronghold. A fragment of the castle still overlooks the lower course of the Varenne, but the ground is no longer Norman. Some way further on the same road we reach Mayenne, a town whose name suggests for later warfare, but which was an important conquest of William's in the days when Maine was the border ground, and the battlefield, of Norman and Angevin. The site of Mayenne, sloping, like that of Mantes, down to a large river, has caused quite another arrangement. The river is here the main point for attack and defence as well as for traffic. The castle therefore does not crown the highest point of the town, but flanks the stream with a grand range of bastions, a miniature of the mighty pile of Philip Augustus at "black Angers." This lower position of castles, thus returned to in later times, seem however to have been the usual position for the fortresses of the earliest Norman time. Before the Scandinavian conquerors were fully settled in the country, the great point was to occupy sites commanding the sea and the navigable rivers; it was a sign of quite another state of things when the lord of the soil perched himself on the crest of an inland hill. Of the earlier type of fortress we have an example in the castle of Eu, a name whose associations may seem to be wholly modern, but which is, in truth, as the border fortress of Normandy towards Flanders and the doubtful land of Ponthieu between them, one of the most historic sites in the Duchy. Eu figures prominently in the wars of Rolf; in its church William espoused his Flemish bride; in its castle he first received his renowned English guest. The church of William's day has given way to a superb fabric of the thirteenth century, which needs only towers, which are strangely lacking, to rank among the finest minsters in Normandy. The castle where William and Harold met has given way to that well-known building of the House of Guise which lived to become the last home of lawful royalty in France. But the site still reminds one of the days of Rolf rather than of the days of William. It can hardly be said to command the town; it is itself commanded by higher ground immediately above it; town, church, castle, all seem from the surrounding hills to lie together in a hole. But it is admirably placed for commanding the approaches from the sea and from the low, and in Rolf's time no doubt marshy, ground lying between the town and the water. In exact contrast to Eu stands the noble hill-castle of Arques, near Dieppe, the work of William's rebellious uncle and namesake, which he had to win by the slow process of hunger from Norman rebels and French auxiliaries. The little town, with a church of later date, but of striking outline, lies low, lower than Eu; but the castle soars above it, crowning a peninsular height which forms the extremity of a long range of higher ground. The steep slopes of the hill might have seemed defence enough, but Count William did not deem his fortress secure without cutting an enormous fosse immediately within its circuit, so that any one who climbed the slope of the hill would find a deep gulf between himself and the fortress, even if he were lucky enough to escape falling headlong. The building has been greatly enlarged in later times, but the shell of Count William's keep, a huge massive square tower, is still here, as perhaps are some portions of his gateway and of his surrounding walls. The view is a noble one, and it takes in the site of that later battle of Henry of Navarre to which Arques now owes most of its renown, and which has gone some way to wipe out the memory of both Williams, Count and Duke alike.

One point more. Round the lower course of the Dive all sorts of historical associations centre. The stream divides the older and the later Normandy, but of these the later is the truer, the land where the old speech and the old spirit lingered longest. By its banks was fought the battle in which Harold Blatand rescued Normandy from the Frank, and in which the stout Dane took captive with his own hands Lewis King of the West-Franks, the heir and partial successor of Charles. There, too, are the causeway and bridge of Varaville, marking the site of the ford where William's well-timed march enabled him to strike almost as heavy a blow against the younger royalty of Paris as the Danish ally of his forefathers had struck against the older royalty of Laón. The French invaders of Normandy, King Henry at their head, had gorged themselves with the plunder of the lands west of the Dive, and were now carelessly advancing towards the high ground of Auge in the direction of Lisieux. The King with his vanguard had already climbed the hill, when he looked round, only to behold the mass of his army cut to pieces before the sudden onslaught of the irresistible Duke. William had marched up from Falaize and had taken them at the right moment, almost as Harold took his Norwegian namesake at Stamford bridge. It is one of those spots where the story is legibly written on the scene. The causeway is still there, and it is easy to realize the King looking on the slaughter of his troops, and hardly withheld from rushing down to give them help which must have proved wholly in vain. The heights from which he looked down stretched to the sea, by the mouth of the river. The port of Dive, now nearly choked up with sand, was then a great haven, and there the fleet of William, assembled for the conquest of England, lay for a whole

month, waiting for the favourable winds which never came till they had changed their position for the more auspicious haven of Saint Valery.

THE LADIES ON THE TEMPERANCE PLATFORM.

IT appears that women are gradually invading all the accursed provinces of men. They not only claim equal rights, but they assume the same habits; and if drunkenness has been common among male voters, female candidates for the suffrage are prepared to continue the practice of inebriety. We shall not be accused of drawing too harsh a picture of female life, because the statements which we are about to quote were all made by ladies at a Conference held by the National Temperance League, which is called—and we think rightly—"one of the most important and significant meetings ever held in connexion with the Temperance Movement."

We should say that such a meeting is very significant indeed. We infer from it the uselessness of the organization which produced it. After all that has been said and done to promote temperance, these ladies come and tell us that intemperance prevails in the class to which they themselves belong, and that, in fact, their sex is going to the bad at an alarming pace. So long as drunkenness was supposed to be generally confined to the poorer classes of society, it was undeniable that the closing of public-houses would be a great restraint upon the practice. But no conceivable legislation can prevent a lady from keeping an elegant little flask of brandy in her dressing-case, and putting her lips to it when she is so disposed. The Temperance League offers, so far as we know, only three supposed remedies for drunkenness—namely, prohibitory legislation, pledges, and Bands of Hope. The Permissive Bill, as it is called, has by this time been discussed on almost every hustings in the kingdom, and we will not prolong a tedious controversy. Pledges of abstinence are very good until they are broken. Bands of Hope are associations of children who sing hymns and promise to resist temptations of which they will not feel the force until they are grown up. It is difficult to understand what result these ladies expected to obtain by their Conference except that of making themselves conspicuous. If it be true that a lady took "stimulants" to support her during two years' nursing of a sick husband, and thus acquired a habit which brought her to "a drunkard's death-bed," it may still be doubted whether any useful purpose is answered by publishing such a painful story. The writer of the paper which contains this story goes on to generalize on the authority of a physician, who is represented to have stated that "many women learn to drink while attending on their sick relatives." Perhaps the same physician, or some other, could state, if he were asked, that some women acquire by indulgence an irrepressible longing for the notoriety of the platform. The desire for the excitement of public meetings is quite as strong among ladies as the desire for intoxicating drink, and perhaps it is not less pernicious. We are told in the Preface to the Report of this Conference that "Mrs. Balfour's comprehensive and able paper, read with a distinctness of voice peculiarly her own, rivetted the attention of her audience." To borrow a saying of Mr. Disraeli, it is desirable that a paper should be not only comprehensive but comprehensible, and therefore we should like to be informed what Mrs. Balfour means by a "luxuriant mother." The Preface goes on to state that the audience enjoyed with zest the privilege of hearing once more a lady who has contributed by her writings and her platform advocacy to the advancement of the Temperance Movement. It might probably have been stated with equal truth that the lady enjoyed with zest the privilege of being heard. A woman who has a taste for platform advocacy is, in the eyes of men, almost equally objectionable with a woman who has a taste for liquor; and we fear that the love of applause is at least as prevalent as the love of drink. It is difficult to understand why, among all the virtues, temperance should be specially selected to be advanced by platform advocacy. Suppose, for example, that a Chastity Movement, which is at least equally necessary, should be got up, and that Mrs. Somebody should come forward to contribute by her platform advocacy to the advancement of that movement. It would be easy to find among the records of the Divorce Court some case quite as shocking as that of the wife who acquired drunkenness while watching by her husband's death-bed. And then there might be Bands of Hope of a new variety. To pledge a little girl not to violate her marriage-vow would be quite as reasonable as to pledge a little boy not to drink brandy or smoke tobacco. Again, we might discover some advantage in a Simplicity-in-Dress Movement, or a Movement against Evil Speaking; and ladies who have maintained "faithful and consistent personal testimony" against sweeping trains and slanderous tongues are quite as deserving of notoriety as the ladies whom the Temperance League delight to honour, although, perhaps, they may desire it less eagerly. There are, in fact, many ladies who in all parts of the country are engaged in pious and charitable ministrations. It is to be hoped they will not all prepare for publication "graphic and interesting accounts of the great and important work they have been honoured to carry on."

The author of the Preface tells us that "examples of patient effort and self-denial" were afforded by several ladies who read papers at the Conference, and it might be added that they were examples also of putting one's candle on a candlestick. One lady,

named Miss Deacon, seems by her own account to be deacon and priest both; for she tells us in her paper that a man of sixty years has, under her persuasion, left off drinking, and become a regular communicant, "which I do not sanction in any who are not of the household of faith." Of course, when a lady takes to advocating a movement, it is not wonderful to find that preaching is not the only function of the clergy which she is ready to appropriate. Miss Deacon's watchword is *Excelsior*, and she thinks that, "considering her vicinity to Burton-on-Trent," her efforts have been tolerably successful. Miss Deacon probably knows only one word of Latin, and that she unfortunately misuses. But she will not, we are sure, be on this account deterred from exercising the functions both of priest and deacon. Another lady, named Miss Robinson, lives at Guildford, and possesses a peculiar knowledge of the Camp at Aldershot. She will not say that in the army every abstainer is a Christian, but she is quite sure that every Christian must be an abstainer. This lady seems to set up not only for priest and deacon, but also as a kind of pope. She knows beyond the reach of doubt the exact limits of Christianity in the army. And she has constituted herself a sort of commander-in-chief over teetotal soldiers. "I frequently take small parties of them to address meetings with myself." On one occasion a party of twelve soldiers and a few civilians started with Miss Robinson in a van for a country village ten miles from the camp. "Our chairman was dear William Taylor of Notting Hill, who had come down on purpose to help us." The inhabitants of the village ten miles from Aldershot must have been considerably astonished when Miss Robinson appeared among them at the head of her invading army. They must have thought she the Countess of Derwentwater marching to occupy Greenwich Hospital as the proceeds of the spoliation of her family estates. Among total abstainers she is able to count some of the finest soldiers in the service. She knows an artilleryman who kept the pledge throughout the Crimean war, and she has heard him say that while serving his guns for hours under fire he felt quite calm, "his heart being full of peace and joy." The notion of a gunner getting a good lay-on with his piece at a dense column of Russians, and feeling his heart full of peace and joy as he mowed them down, is probably unique among the records of Christian heroism. As becomes a lady who is chaplain-general to the teetotallers of the regular army, Miss Robinson has a proper contempt for the Militia. But although the Militia are far below the regulars in civility and intelligence, she thinks that something may be done by self-denying earnestness even in this unpromising field of labour. By self-denial she appears to mean preaching to militiamen when she has the opportunity of preaching to soldiers of the Line, among whom are some of the finest men in the service. She knows sixty-three regiments, and some of them very well indeed, as she is able to say of one regiment, that "when it left England for India there was not a single Christian or abstainer in its ranks." Six years afterwards it had a temperance society and a Bible-class. The best cricketers in the regiment were teetotallers, and they formed an eleven who, according to this lady, carried out their principles very thoroughly indeed. Their appearance on the ground put an end to drinking, gambling, and bad language, as it was understood they would not remain if anything of the kind were allowed. Unfortunately, however, they did not maintain this high standard of perfection. By sobriety in India the regiment had saved a large sum of money, which, in the course of a few weeks after its return home, was all spent as soldiers returned from foreign service usually do spend their money. The "blue-lights," as the teetotallers were called, seem to have been quenched in the flood of drink, except fifteen or sixteen who remained steadfast. The other members of the Temperance Society must have taken the pledge and broken it, and indeed it may be gathered from these papers that relapses are very common. One lady counts "eight or ten persons who were suddenly cut off in their drunken career after breaking the pledge." We don't know whether, according to the priests and deacons of this cult, breaking the pledge is a mortal sin; but, if it is, one would think that they ought to be scrupulous in administering it.

The most sensible paper of the series describes the establishment of a coffee-house near a railway station in Shropshire. It is wonderful that societies which can command large sums of money for the advancement of temperance movements do not employ part of it in offering some substitute for the public-houses which they are so desirous to abolish. In Paris, if you come out of a theatre you can step into a coffee-house properly so called. But there is almost nothing of the kind in London. It may be said, however, that if you go into a theatre your case is hopeless, and the ladies of the Temperance Conference can do nothing at all for you. Indeed, they give it as their opinion that draughts and dominoes should be avoided, as they are too apt to become "qualifications for public-house company." If a man who has taken the pledge feels an internal sinking he should take quinine, and if he misses the society of the tavern he can amuse himself by reading the *Missionary News*. One of the principal leaders of the movement wrote a tract which she called *Haste to the Rescue*; and she carried out her principle by administering the pledge to a boy at Shrewsbury school. The mother of this boy, being then in an unregenerate state, seems to have thought this proceeding a great impertinence. We are sorry to say that we think so too.

DISTRESS IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

AN inquest held in Bathnal Green last week discloses facts which are only too likely to become typical during the next four months. A willow cutter, named Bridges, had been badly off for some time. He, his wife, and three children earned between them about 5s. a week, which, after deducting 2s. for the rent of their room, is as nearly as possible 1d. a day for the food, firing, and clothing of each person. On a certain Monday evening Bridges came home after working all day in an open yard. He threw the 6d. he had earned on the table, and said to his wife, "I am dying through weakness. What I have suffered this day no one knows. I have been shivering with cold. My heart pains me." His wife pressed him to go to the workhouse, but he refused, on the ground that they had been denied relief there the previous winter. How the family spent the week is not stated, but on the Saturday the wife did go to the workhouse, where she saw some one who told her to send her husband. Bridges then walked there himself, but only to find the doors closed. He went home, and lay on the floor, with his wife and children, until the middle of Sunday. Then the eldest boy went out and borrowed 3d. from another boy, with which he bought a pound of bread and a little tea. Apparently the wife tried the workhouse again on Monday, for on that day the relieving officer gave Bridges a doctor's order, and sent his assistant to see the family. He reported that they were in great poverty, and gave them 2 lb. of mutton, a loaf of bread, and a quart of milk. On Tuesday Bridges died. His last words were—"I have been walking about in search of work for three days. I have had no food day or night except half a halfpenny loaf and a little cold water." The Coroner's jury debated for some time whether to censure the family for not going to the workhouse sooner, or the workhouse authorities for sending the wife away when she first applied. Ultimately they returned the simple verdict, "Died from want and privation."

In this case death has given these facts an exceptional prominence, but, up to a certain point, it is to be feared that they might easily be paralleled all over the East of London. Before many weeks are past it is too probable that several other inquests will have been held, and by degrees the public sympathy will be roused, and immense contributions will pour in from all sides. We are anxious to see the interval which must elapse before this happens turned to some account. There will be no lack of people willing to act by and by. The real difficulty is to find even a few who are willing to think now. It needs no prophet to foresee that the coming winter will witness at least as much distress as the last among the poor of East London. Even in the very middle of summer there were 127,119 persons receiving relief within the metropolitan district; and, if matters stood thus in the last week of July, how are they likely to stand in the last week of January? At the present moment there are about 7,000 paupers in the parish of Poplar alone, and this before anything like continued cold weather can be said to have set in. The first long frost will throw large numbers out of work, while at the same time it will increase the cost of provisions and the liability to disease. Worst of all, we are no better prepared to meet the emergency than we were this time last year. Even then there was little or no excuse for our being taken by surprise. The terrible experiences of 1860-61 have been more or less repeated each succeeding winter. The conditions of life in East London are extremely uniform. Where population is dense and subsistence precarious, pauperism is naturally a recurrent phenomenon. Occasionally an exceptionally mild season or an unusual run of orders keeps the workmen in fuller employment, and creates a delusive impression that the district is becoming more prosperous. But with the next hard winter, or the next stagnation in trade, things become as bad as before. In 1867-8 the mischief was aggravated by the means employed to remedy it. In the very worst period of the winter rents in the East of London actually rose. So much money was dispensed in charity, and so little inquiry was made into the claims of the applicants, that mendicants from the surrounding districts flocked into the favoured quarter as into a land of Goshen, and outbid each other for house accommodation. In all probability the same thing will happen over again a month or two hence. Kind-hearted people will suddenly awake to the existence of a vast amount of urgent distress; piteous demands for help will fill the columns of the *Times*; and all kinds of charitable agencies will be revived, or created, to meet the need. The money will be forthcoming as heretofore, and, for anything that appears to the contrary, it will be wasted as heretofore.

This catastrophe can only be prevented by some exercise of forethought. When the distress overwhelms us with its actual presence the time for this will have passed. It is now, while only the mutterings of the storm are heard, that the preparations to meet it must be made. If charity is not to do harm instead of good, it must proceed upon some organized system; and if this is not constructed at starting it is not likely to be constructed afterwards. There are some questions the settlement of which is an indispensable preliminary to any efficient treatment of East London distress. To begin with, the inquest which has suggested these remarks points out also one direction which reform ought to take. A clear understanding should be come to upon the duties of the relieving officer, and the nature of the relief he is to dispense. Whatever limitations are imposed upon him in this respect they must not be limitations of time. Granting, for argument's sake, that this or that class ought not to receive aid

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from the parish, there is no reason why the classes which have a claim on it should be allowed to apply only from nine to ten A.M. and from five to six P.M. This, however, seems to be the state of things at Bethnal Green. The Relieving-office is always closed from one to five o'clock, and is often closed from ten to five o'clock; and while it is closed no relief can be had, however pressing the case may be. It is obvious that where there is great want or sudden illness, the time thus lost may make the difference between death and recovery. The relieving-officer gave in his evidence two reasons for the plan pursued. One was, that if the doors were open people would be coming all day; the other was, that during the interval the officers were visiting the applicants at their own homes. Neither of these pleas in any way meets the charge. The addition of another officer to the staff would enable one to be always on the spot, and the process of applying for relief does not seem so pleasant that people will keep "coming all day," unless their cases are such as to make relief an immediate necessity. We do not mean that the position of the workhouse authorities is an easy one, or that they have nothing to do but to issue orders for relief whenever applicants present themselves. On the contrary, the whole relation of the Poor-law to private charity is one which stands in urgent need of careful consideration and revision. But this has reference to the ultimate action on the application, not to the original reception of it. To hold that the workhouse authorities ought not to relieve this or that class of persons is one thing; to hold that they ought not to relieve a class with which they do deal, except at certain hours, is quite another.

Another evil which calls for immediate correction is the mischievous multiplication of agencies for relieving the same people. It can hardly be necessary to remind our readers how the want of unity of organization paralysed charitable effort last winter. The waste of power was so enormous, the provocation to imposture and trickery so direct, the impossibility of putting the relations between the parish authorities and the charitable committees on a satisfactory footing so patent, that at length people went to the other extreme, and ceased to give at all. There is no fear of their doing this again for some time to come. The danger at first is rather that a sort of rivalry will grow up between different philanthropic associations, in which the prize will be awarded, not to the one which spends most wisely, but to that which spends most. An East London winter is sure to furnish distress enough to make it pleasant for a time to play the part of a good Samaritan. But that the same abuses will in the end breed the same disgust may be taken for granted, and the only way of preventing the result is to introduce unity of distribution from the very beginning. The most perverse offender against this primary law seems to be this year, as it was last, the East London Mission and Relief Committee. When almost every other charitable association had consented to merge itself in the East-end Central Relief Committee, this body persisted in maintaining its independence. The cause of this exceptional obstinacy is indicated by the title of the Association. It is a missionary, as well as a relieving, agency. It distributes food and sermons at the same time, and prides itself upon collecting congregations by this means in districts where they could certainly not be got together by purely spiritual attractions. We have no hesitation in saying that the East London Mission and Relief Committee is a public evil which every man, who wishes well to the districts over which its operations extend, should do his best to discourage and put down. We say this on three grounds. First of all, its system is one which shuts it out from effective co-operation with the Central Committee. Other societies may be brought to see that money can be turned to better account if it is distributed by one organization, than if it is left in the hands of several independent societies. But the Mission and Relief Committee is proof against arguments of this kind, for the simple reason that one of its main objects is necessarily beyond the scope of the Central Committee. A body which is administering money contributed by men of all creeds is bound to let none of it be diverted to objects of which many of the contributors would gravely disapprove. In the second place, the whole arrangement is degrading to religion. We do not doubt that many, if not all, of the members of the Mission Committee would be quite ready to relieve those in want, even if the latter had refused to pay the price demanded. But to the poor themselves the case wears a different aspect. They see that the two objects are united in practice, and they naturally jump to the conclusion that Christianity cares little for the temporal necessities of mankind, and only pretends to sympathize with them in order to secure a base for its spiritual operations. Thirdly, the system is in hands which suggest a strong suspicion of proselytising intentions. It is constantly found that one convert from a different creed is of more value in the eyes of his captor than two or three won from the unbelieving world outside. If the Mission and Relief Committee confined its hybrid ministrations to men of no religion at all, they would at most only intensify an already existing distaste. But a large proportion of the East Londoners are Irish Roman Catholics, and to induce these to attend Protestant services by the promise of food and clothing is to tempt them to do what they think wrong, and what, if they do it, will certainly make them hate their tempters. There are elements enough of discord between the two races and the two creeds to make it highly undesirable to swell them by the importation of that "soup" system which is responsible for so much mischief in Ireland.

DRESS-WORSHIP.

THOSE grotesque or nasty perversities which, classed under the general name of "The Fashions," regulate the arrangement of women's outer clothing, suggest, at this pensive season of the year, somewhat different reflections to different orders of men. To Pinchwife and Paterfamilias they suggest the preparation of the Christmas estimates. To Messrs. Foulard and Fichu they doubtless suggest exultation in the prosperity of trade, and gratitude to a bounteous and not over-particular Providence that orders all things for the well-being of haberdashers. To Benedict, enthralled by the latest charmer of the vanished season, and almost ready to fancy that it may be possible to marry on 600*l.* a year, they argue the imperious necessity of either stifling his passion or preparing to figure before Mr. Commissioner Holroyd; while to the philosopher, who is not in love, in trade, or in debt, and who takes therefore only an "intelligent interest" in women's extravagance, they suggest reflections upon the origin and causes of such a strange state of things. What is the source of that mysterious unanimity which seems to regulate the minutest details of feminine adornment, and which is never more conspicuous than when its results are most eccentric? Who speaks the word which makes short skirts indispensable one month and impossible the next? Who was it that in June last laid down the hard and fast line of eighteen inches for a presentable girl's waist? Why did every woman with any pretension to style think it necessary to go about in July, receiving all the filth of a London atmosphere upon her head, and retaining it there for six days out of the seven? What, in short, is it that makes a woman reject any costume or head-dress, however neat and individually becoming it may be, because it is not the last new thing, whilst she is ready to adopt any novelty, however vulgar or dirty or unbecoming to her own personal appearance? Where does that mysterious power reside which requires our women to be all attired in uniform, though it is continually changing that uniform? Who, in short, sets the fashions? and why do women follow them?

Those ingenious histories of England and France which we read in early childhood, and some of which had pictures at the end of each chapter, illustrating the fashions of the period, used to account for those fashions by a very simple process. It was important to avoid that confusion which would be caused in the juvenile mind by the introduction of too many characters. The writers consequently referred the origin of the fashions, as they did that of every social and political phenomenon, to the personal initiative of the sovereign. If the gentlemen of the later Plantagenet period dressed in harlequin suits, it was because Richard loved motley. If at the end of the sixteenth century ladies wore monstrous ruffs, it was because Elizabeth considered that their stiffness added to her dignity. Those manuals did not, so far as we can remember, explain how kings and queens came to acquire the sole right of inventing and dictating changes of costume. Perhaps they reckoned it as a part of that hazy historical entity, the royal prerogative. But at any rate, if ever there was a time when kings and courtiers set the fashions, that time has now passed away. No doubt the belief still prevails, and is carefully fostered by the haberdashers and their touts, that empresses and princesses wear the last new thing. The British spirit of flunkeyism is such a convenient balloon to raise the aspiring tradesman to the seventh heaven of profits, and the inflation of it is so thoroughly in accordance with the genius of Bond Street, that the haberdashers will never suffer it altogether to collapse. Little Miss Dumpty still buys a Watteau hat, which she does not want, and sticks it on the top of her squat little person, which it does not become, because the Siren and the Adonis of the great shop assure her that the Empress is wearing one at Biarritz, or that the Princess of Wales has ordered one for Sandringham. But in believing this, if she does believe it, Miss Dumpty sins against light. She ought to know, as well as the Siren and Adonis, that the Empress does not dictate the fashions, that the last new things have not really her sanction, and, indeed, that she is as often unfashionably as fashionably dressed. As for our own Court, whatever may be its shortcomings, it is at least free from the charge of stimulating our countrywomen, by its example, to reckless expenditure on dress. Few European Sovereigns have renounced more completely than Queen Victoria the exercise of that royal function, leadership in the race of fashionable extravagance; and in spite of the clamours of the London tradesmen, and their refined mouth-piece Mr. Rearden, the bulk of the nation feels grateful to Her Majesty for having done her best to make economy respectable.

The real truth, of course, is that the fashions have for the most part no courtly origin whatever, but are mere pretexts invented by the art of the clothesmonger and haberdasher for making fortunes out of the folly of women. The part which empresses, princesses, and marchionesses play in "setting the fashions" is a very subordinate one; the principal actor in the shifting scene is really the enterprising tradesman. He stands behind the curtain and pulls the strings which move the puppets. He has learnt in the practical school of commercial competition to study and to foster certain characteristic foibles of women—their instinct of imitation, and their love of change. His agents ransack the markets to procure him novelties, and as fast as he gets them he turns them to account. He knows that "the ladies of England," as their favourite journal is fond of saying, "are divided into two classes—those who are, and those who are not, favoured by fortune"; and this, according to his rendering, means "those who are, and those who are not, able to be grossly extravagant in

dress." The first of these classes he tempts through the love of novelty, pandering to their eternal craving for something different from that which they and their less "favoured" neighbours have got. In each London circle, and in each country town, he finds a certain number of the "favoured," who take his tempting baits very freely. Some of the gayest, the most beautiful, the most fashionable, or the most aristocratic of these he uses as his stalking-horses, with which he may approach the smaller and shyer game. And it is this privilege of playing, in some instances, the part of stalking-horse to the adventurous tradesmen, which is the only relic now left to the aristocracy of their former real or fabulous leadership in costume. This is the only respect in which they can now be said to "set the fashions." The game, once opened, goes merrily forward. No sooner is the "last new thing" snapped up and exhibited by some "favoured" one, than the fever of bell-wetherism seizes on all the rest of the tribe. They follow like sheep in the track of the leader, still achieving, still pursuing, some pressing close upon her heels and others fairly distanced, but all faithfully following, all contributing to swell the gains of the happy haberdasher. Their *ignis fatuus* is a light to his feet and a lantern to his paths, never leading him astray from the way of twenty per cent., and conducting him finally to the haberdasher's heaven, a landed estate and a J. P.-ship. His course is as safe as it is easy. The only mistake he can possibly make is that of introducing some costume which shall be so useful or so sensible that it shall remain in vogue for a considerable period, say six months. And this mistake is one which, to do him justice, he very rarely commits.

In thus discussing the question—*who sets the fashions?*—we have already glanced incidentally at the other problem with which we started—namely, *why do women follow them?* The explanation ordinarily given of the ardour with which women pursue the fashions is, that they do it from a natural desire to make themselves charming in the eyes of men. That is the solution of the problem which nine men out of ten will give, and which lately has been more than once announced by one of our weekly contemporaries, in its usual condensed or apophthegmatic style. "Women dress to please men." As a diagnosis of the original physiology of woman's love of ornament, or as an evolution of the first elementary principle whence sprang that habit of self-adornment which is now congenital in women, this apophthegm, though inadequate, no doubt partly expresses the truth. But as an explanation of the causes of the modern extravagance of dress-worship in women, it is not merely inadequate, but positively untrue. Whatever may be the case in a savage community, it is certain that, as English society is at present constituted, women do not "dress to please men," but to please, or rather to escape the persecutions of, their own sex. Fear of woman, and not love of man, is the feeling which makes them submit to the tyranny of the fashions. Woman is in this respect her own enslaver. If any woman doubts this, let her ask herself whether, when she dresses for a dinner-party, it is the attention bestowed by the host, or that bestowed by the hostess, on her toilette, that gives her the most concern. Is it the criticism of the men, or that of the women, that she most courts and fears? Is it before or after dinner that justice is done to her dress? The truth is that the nine men out of ten who tell us that "women dress to please men" never criticize women's dress at all. If a woman is very eccentrically or very unbecomingly dressed, most of them have a vague, general impression of something wrong; but not one in a hundred really criticizes the dress of his hostess or of the women between whom he finds himself at the dinner-table.

Fear of each other is, then, the principal sentiment which ties women down to the slavery of dress-worship; and this feeling, combining with the instincts, or congenital habits, of imitation and of self-adornment, and with the want of the highest originality—which seems to be a natural defect in the sex, and is illustrated by the fact that in the art of music, the one subject in which women have generally received better instruction than men, no woman has ever become a first-rate composer—is sufficient to account for the proclivity of women to follies of costume. But we must look to more superficial causes, to causes arising out of the present position of women in English society, in order to account for the gross extreme to which the malady has now proceeded. Women are not naturally perhaps more vain than men, but they have more opportunities and more temptations for the indulgence of vanity than men have. The wealth of the nation has increased at a more rapid rate than its civilization. Our riches have outgrown our culture, and in nothing is this more palpably evident than in the present position of the women of our wealthy middle-class. The growth of commercial wealth, and the transfer of industrial processes, such as spinning, from the parlour to the factory, have enormously multiplied the number of those unfortunate women who have "got no work to do." Idleness, ignorance, want of culture and of thorough mental training, want of intellectual resource, want of all real discipline, combining with the natural tendencies mentioned above, produce, among other results, that senseless worship of the fashions which is sanctioned by the selfish apathy or cynical indifference of men, and is perpetually stimulated by the arts of the decorator and clothes-monger. The evil is really great, both from an artistic and an economical point of view. Artistically, the blind adoption by all women, short and tall, dark and fair, lean and stout, plain and handsome, of one momentarily prevalent fashion, and the consequent lack of individuality, and of the study of the becoming in dress and ornamentation, are much to be deplored. And, economi-

cally, the extravagance and useless waste which this kaleidoscopic system of dressing occasions is a gigantic evil, destroying not only taste, but sobriety and decorum, and in many instances even virtue.

In the midst of these dismal reflections the philosopher looks to the future for consolation. The monopoly of power which has been so long enjoyed by the "lords of the creation" is, he knows, now nearly at an end. The cruel thralldom in which a jealous and Philistine male minority, making clever use of the accidental and trifling distinctions of sex, of bodily strength, and the like, has ventured ever since the days of Adam, with but a few brief and bright Amazonian episodes, to detain the more numerous, more spiritual, and more beautiful part of the human race, is at last about to cease. Woman's dark ages are over, and her history is about to begin. We say "about to begin," because, unhappily, this great emancipation of the female—or, if Miss Cobbe and Miss Becker will have it so, the feminine—sex is not yet complete. But events, and especially revolutions, when once set going, accomplish themselves rapidly in this latter part of the nineteenth century. Is it then too much to hope that, when they have freed themselves from the tyranny of men, women will make an effort to free themselves from the tyranny of the fashions, and that some of us may live to see this great emancipation also accomplished?

ENGLISH AND FRENCH EXPEDITIONS TO WESTERN CHINA.

THE Government, both here and in India, is beginning, not by any means too soon, to be suitably impressed with the importance of opening up a road into Western China from India or Burmah. The question is really one of Imperial concern, second to none in its commercial interest, and among the foremost problems in the organization of our vast Empire. Can we, or can we not, enter China from some eastern point in our Indian possession or through Burmah, and so bring within the range of our commerce what is at present the most remote and inaccessible region of China—at the same time providing the best road to the sea for a large part of our whole Chinese trade, and what will perhaps be the sole route in the event of a great maritime war? Assuming the Government to be well disposed, the explorations achieved or completed during the present year will assist it in its task. They have considerably narrowed the ground for inquiry—how much will be apparent from a glance at the geographical configuration of the region. The four great rivers of the Siamese peninsula flow from north to south, so that any routes from the Bay of Bengal to China must cross these rivers and the intervening mountain ranges which direct their course. But the rivers, though parallel, are far from being of equal length, and by ascending one river-valley or the other a line may be selected to strike across country which need surmount but one or two ranges. One of these lines is that between Bamo, on the upper course of the Irrawaddy, the most westerly of the rivers, and Talifoo in Western China, on the upper course of the Cambodia, which is the most easterly. At this point these two streams approach each other very closely, with only the sources of the Salween, one of the remaining great rivers, intervening. The other line is that projected by Captain Sprye from Rangoon direct to Kiang-hung, on the Cambodia, several hundred miles further south than the Bamo-Talifoo line. Here the Irrawaddy valley may be avoided, and the basin of the Salween easily gained, so that there are no other obstacles to be counted on than the hills between the Salween and the Cambodia. The Menam, which is the other great intermediate river, only takes its rise in hills that are south of the point at which a road from Rangoon would strike eastward to the Cambodia. Now the experience gained before the present year has amply confirmed the belief that these two lines are probably the most advantageous. Various surveys have indicated that north of Bamo the mountain ranges, though practicable paths may be found, are higher and more desolate than anywhere further south. From Bamo to Rangoon again, or at least from Mandalay, the Burmese capital, which is only 160 miles south of Bamo, it has been pretty well ascertained that there are almost insuperable obstacles to any route striking eastward from the Irrawaddy, and crossing at its greatest width the country through which the Salween flows. More than this, similar obstacles have been discovered to a road which would be the furthest south of any—one, namely, from Moulmein to the Cambodia, which would necessarily pass through the mountain region of the upper Menam. The competition was thus shown to lie between the Bamo-Talifoo and Rangoon-Kianghung routes, both of which might be worth something; and here the information now acquired comes in. The Rangoon-Kianghung line was partly surveyed last year, and Captain Sladen's expedition this year to Talifoo, which has only just returned, furnishes similar information as to the Bamo or Mandalay route. In addition, a French expedition, which left Saigon two years ago, has explored almost the entire course of the Cambodia, and, passing through Western China, has descended the Yang-tse-Kiang to Shanghai. The advantage of this exploration will be to show the value of the competition with our own routes which may be anticipated from the French efforts to gain admission into Western China by the Cambodia river—a very important element in the calculation. The Cambodia, in its upper course, skirts Western China; so that the French at Saigon, if the river is practicable, may turn all the mountain difficulties which must be overcome on the English routes. They will still be at a disadvantage, as Saigon is situated in those difficult China seas

which it is the Bay of formidable valley, if c terpose a h To take think, tha though g and the ce prise entitl Dandart d including i of the bot Saigon on about three Cratick, b boats, "to this season centres of Laos, was was detain bodi, whic ments, and of the dry in May the from Saigon explorer, A report from 1867, whe State of V interval the from which and they h had set in and suspi perseveran "even at the instru had to be all the m almost com the little this ex nexion wi under the keeping to and ascend from the e way will h of Yunnan the story is in Tali mor were in fav Tong-chou which had the expedi Shanghai of which cons Asiatic res value, as v the river the rapids though to that small lar rapids serious des Herald, ap of the Cam scanty, Lu bitants; an inferred fr account, v limit of th acknowledged been almo the river except a journey co which was States, in point, it w culties of great. Of like the C carriage a expense of its advant several hun time. Th competition annexation The Ban made their arriving at next day they had

which it is commercially desirable to avoid by having a port in the Bay of Bengal; but their competition might nevertheless be formidable, and, by extending their possessions up the river-valley, if commerce encouraged them to do so, they might interpose a belt of French territory between us and our goal.

To take the French expedition first—the result is to show, we think, that the Cambodia route is hardly what was expected, though geographically the exploration has been most interesting, and the zeal of the French explorers in a somewhat perilous enterprise entitles them to no little credit. Besides the leader, Captain Dandart de Lagrée, the expedition was composed of five officers, including a second in command, and two doctors who had charge of the botanical and other scientific tasks assigned to it. It left Saigon on June 5, 1866, in a small gunboat, which proceeded about three hundred miles up the river to the rapids at Kong, or Cratic, beyond which it was necessary to journey by native boats, “to surmount the long line of rapids which, especially at this season, separates the kingdom of Cambodia from the Laos centres of population.” Bassac, an important point of Lower Laos, was reached early in September; but here the expedition was detained for four months, partly by an insurrection in Cambodia, which delayed the arrival of needful passports and instruments, and partly in obedience to instructions to await the return of the dry season. The passports were received in March, and in May the expedition had arrived at Luang-Prabong, 920 miles from Saigon—a place already marked by the death of the French explorer, Mouhot. The next date given in the very condensed report from the *Moniteur*, which is before us, is December 23, 1867, when the expedition reached the capital of Yunnan, the State of Western China which is nearest to Burmah. In the interval the party had ascended the river to a point not stated, from which they struck eastward to the capital of the province, and they had encountered many mishaps. A second rainy season had set in, and the chiefs of the country had been distrustful and suspicious, raising many obstacles. “All the energy and perseverance of the leader were required to urge them further ‘even at the price of lamentable sacrifices.’” A portion of the instruments, books and effects, even the most indispensable, had to be abandoned. “Grave maladies attacked in succession all the members of the expedition, and it was in a state of almost complete exhaustion and absolute want of everything that the little caravan arrived at the capital of Yunnan.” Beyond this the experience of the expedition is less interesting in connexion with the problem how to reach Western China; but under the second in command, the explorers traversed Yunnan—keeping to the south and east of the Mahomedan insurrection, and ascending the Yang-tse-Kiang so as to come back upon Talifoo from the east—and the information they must have gained in this way will have an important bearing on the estimates of the value of Yunnan province as a commercial district. The remainder of the story is soon told. The party, who were not allowed to stay in Tali more than one day, for the very reason probably that they were in favour with the Chinese authorities, returned in April to Tong-chouan, where they found their leader dead of the malady which had attacked him, so that his life had been sacrificed to the expedition. Descending the Yang-tse-Kiang, they reached Shanghai on the 12th of June, thus completing an eventful journey which constitutes at least one of the most important chapters in Asiatic research, whatever may be its value otherwise. That value, as we have hinted, is rather negative so far as the use of the river commercially is concerned. There is the difficulty of the rapids at Kong, which the gunboat could not surmount; though too much must not be made of this, looking to the fact that small steamers of light draught have surmounted very similar rapids on the Irrawaddy. But further difficulties of a more serious description, as we learn from a narrative in the *North China Herald*, appear to have been experienced in the whole upper part of the Cambodia valley. The population besides was exceedingly scanty, Luang-Prabong not containing more than 3,000 inhabitants; and the state of matters beyond that point, as might be inferred from the vague reference to disasters even in the *Moniteur* account, was still worse. Between Sieng-Kong, the extreme limit of the Siamese Laos, and Muong-Lin, the first town which acknowledged Burman supremacy, the country had for forty years been almost entirely abandoned. At Muong-Lin the passage of the river became impracticable for boats. “All the baggage, except a change of clothing, had to be left behind, and the journey continued on foot.” The highest point on the river which was reached in this way was Tsieng-Hong, in the Shan States, in the vicinity of the town of Kianghung, which is the point, it will be remembered, of the Rangoon route. The difficulties of using the long course of the Cambodia are thus very great. Of course, if the country were settled, a navigable river like the Cambodia could still be utilized by substituting land-carriage at the points where the rapids cause difficulties, the expense of that carriage and the transshipments only diminishing its advantages; but the labour of settlement over a course of several hundred miles must itself be enormous, and be a work of time. There is thus little reason to dread immediate French competition on the Cambodia, though the French proclivity to annexation in this valley may possibly cause some trouble.

The Bamo expedition has also had its difficulties. The party made their way up the Irrawaddy easily enough in a small steamer, arriving at Bamo on the 24th of February last, and setting out the next day for the interior. After only five marches, however, when they had got no further than forty miles from Bamo, they were

brought to a halt, on the 6th of March, at a place called Ponsee. The Burmese monarch, it is alleged, had played false with them, encouraging his subordinates to retard, and not assist them as he promised, and they could get neither escort nor conveyance. They had also before them in the hills various tribes of Khakyens—one of the robber races which infest the mountain-tracts of the whole peninsula, and have everywhere spread desolation; and it seemed likely enough that they would not get through to the Mahomedan State with which they wished to enter into communication. Captain Sladen, however, waited patiently, and managed to send forward letters to the Panthay chiefs announcing his mission and its nature; and these chiefs, looking with favour on the expedition, chastised the resisting hill-tribes, and so cleared a passage for it. Unfortunately, Captain Sladen's funds had become exhausted during the unlooked-for delay, and some of the party, including Captain Williams the engineer, were sent back, or “invited” or “recommended” to go back, in order to lighten the expedition—an affair about which there is some mystery, as the expedition was hardly worth anything without an engineer officer, and the Chief Commissioner of Burmah felt it necessary to send another officer, Mr. Gordon, to overtake it. Captain Sladen, although an energetic officer, apparently committed a serious indiscretion in consenting to break up the expedition instead of trusting to additional funds being forwarded. However, the party, as lightened, were able to proceed to Momein, the frontier town of the Mussulman State, “where a congress of chiefs was to be held to arrange regarding trade, transit duties, and carriage.” This place was reached at the beginning of June, and the party now bring back a report of the most brilliant success. Captain Sladen was hospitably entertained, established the most amicable relations with his hosts, and found them every way well disposed to co-operate in his objects. They engage to keep the route open between Burmah and what is now the frontier of the Chinese Empire, and they have already shown their ability to coerce the robber tribes which infest the Burmese border. They also agree to have the transit duties fixed at the lowest possible rate; and, to push forward the matter, they were to send a mission of their own to Rangoon at the end of the present year. Thus it has been discovered that there are no insuperable obstacles to the resuscitation of commerce in this direction. The only opposition has come from the Burmese, who have doubtless been jealous of the movement; but even if the King of Burmah has scruples about letting his territory become a thoroughfare for English trade, his treaty obligations bind him too firmly, and good diplomatists should have no difficulty in persuading him of his real interests. The intervening country from Bamo to Momein is besides reported on as full of natural resources, and may easily become a tea district of no little importance. With facts like these ascertained, no efforts, it may be hoped, will be spared to restore commerce to its old channels, and impart a new value to our Burmese possessions.

In another respect the results do not appear to be so reassuring. The official accounts are quite silent on the character of the route in an engineering aspect, and this circumstance gives the more weight to the discouraging reports which were brought to Rangoon by the detachment which came back from Ponsee. About twelve miles from Bamo the road entered the hills, and in the succeeding thirty miles involved the explorers in a series of the most precipitous ascents and descents. There were also hills beyond, before coming to a great level plateau reported to extend to Talifoo. A railway, which is the great thing to be aimed at, would not be practicable by this route except at enormous expense. No doubt the King of Burmah may have contrived to send the expedition by the worst path possible, but the suddenness with which the hills rise up from the plain of the Irrawaddy is unfavourable to any notion of scaling them easily. This being the case, it is all the more to be regretted that the survey of the Rangoon-Kianghung project, against which there is some unaccountable prejudice in Calcutta, was interrupted last year. For 247 miles in British territory a railway, it is ascertained, can be constructed at no great expense; and it was surely worth while to find out what obstacles existed between the frontier and Kianghung, especially as it is alleged on fair authority that the country is not difficult, and is inhabited, for more than a hundred miles before Kianghung is arrived at, by an industrious people, willing to have commerce with us if only communication can be found. There never was any reason for stopping this survey; but now that the Bamo expedition is over, and this is almost the only point left for inquiry, attention should be again turned towards it. We may as well complete our information as to all the parts of the problem. And there are several other facts encouraging the prosecution of a survey to Kianghung. The commerce of Western China would, in ordinary circumstances, find its way to that place as easily as to Talifoo, and, even if a railway between Bamo and Talifoo were practicable, the Rangoon-Kianghung line would have this advantage, that transhipment and the thousand miles of navigation on the Irrawaddy would be saved. Till lately it seemed an additional advantage of this route that it entered Western China at a point south of the area of the Mahomedan insurrection, but Captain Sladen's expedition has brought back an account of the spread of the rebellion which may unfortunately destroy this advantage. Still the other advantages of the line require no demonstration. No doubt any line by Bamo would be most available with reference to opening up communication between Assam and China; but such a scheme, promising fewer immediate advantages, must come later, and the main object ought now to be the conversion of Rangoon into the port of

China. At least, if we are to begin railway-making in Burmah, we should pause a little before we lay down first a branch from Rangoon to Prome, which the Indian Government appear to contemplate, but which would only be an amendment of the Irrawaddi and Bamo route, and would not cover any part of the most direct line between Rangoon and China. After the progress that has been made it would be the worst possible policy to put aside finally Captain Sprye's project without completing the survey which, so far as it has gone, pointed to the practicability of the scheme, and not to its impracticability, as the Calcutta organs are pleased to represent. The action of the authorities should therefore be watched with interest by those concerned during the next few months, and the Government should be pressed in Parliament to explain its intentions. If it be true that India wants engineers for the ordinary work of administration, and for all kinds of new works, that is a very good reason for employing more engineers, but a very bad reason for postponing indefinitely a work to which so many important interests, commercial and political, are attached.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE Winter Exhibitions have of late years been multiplied to excess; we have known seven to be open at the same time. The reasons for this abuse it is not difficult to surmise. Picture-dealers must make a market. Moreover, one final cause of Winter Exhibitions would seem to be the falling due of Christmas bills; the absurd multiplication of financial schemes to raise the wind follows, in natural sequence, on the increase of "pot-boilers," which painters honourable and true are now in the habit of producing at this season of the year. Occasionally reasons more far-fetched are assigned in excuse for inflicting yet another Exhibition upon the tolerant and credulous public. Thus a year ago a new project was ushered into life by the following noteworthy sentence:—"The Committee of Management of —, wishing to employ the — Gallery, of which they have a lease, during that part of the year not devoted to 'the General Exhibition,' have determined to open the Gallery in the months of November and December next, with a collection of Cabinet Pictures in Oil." We may add that, this "lease" still existing, the Exhibition as a consequence exists too; on the strength of the parchment, it now enters on a second year. Yet no one would wish, even in the interests of art, to discourage any legitimate venture; and, for our part, we readily admit that these Winter Exhibitions, when kept within due bounds, have been, and are, of service to art as well as to artists. Specially instructive and interesting are they when painters will kindly enliven this dead season by preliminary "studies" for some deliberate work, or when they open portfolios of sketches made during the summer's holiday fresh from immediate contact with nature. Thus Winter Exhibitions are usually of most value when they take up some special line, and assume a function decisively distinct from the culminating efforts in May. After all, perhaps the main point is that the public seem pleased, and that painters profit by the entertainment.

The Dudley Gallery deserves well, not perhaps so much for its art merits as for the fair opportunity it affords to young painters to make their way. The number of immature works which here claim indulgence is unusually large. Still the Gallery, now devoted to "oils," is saved from being a mere refuge for artistic poverty, not only by some few works by men well-trained, but also by the presence of young and adventurous talent, awakening interest by its promise for the future, or arousing curiosity by its eccentric movements and abnormal phases. The Dudley Gallery seems to have fallen under the kind patronage of the "St. John's Wood school;" thus the present Exhibition, like its predecessors, owes no small part of its attraction to the pictures of H. S. Marks, W. F. Yeames, G. D. Leslie, D. W. Wynfield, and E. Armitage. Mr. Marks in "Tired Out" gains, if possible, still greater firmness of touch, decision of purpose, and power of realism than heretofore. The details he selects for emphasis, whether a clock ticking on the wall or geese waddling in at the door, are always relevant to the main point in his story; each touch helps the narrative, the artist is never trivial or small in manipulation, his hand plies the brush at the dictate of his head. The painter's humour is quiet, even sly; the spectator is not expected to burst into a laugh, but only to simmer under a smile. Vastly droll is this picture of the old man fast asleep, while in at the open door march a company of wise-looking geese gaping with amazement at their master's oblivious slumbers. Also it were difficult to praise too highly for good honest workmanship such a picture as "Daily Occupations," by Mr. W. F. Yeames, A.R.A. Few artists have an eye so delicate for tone and keeping, so nice in intuitions of tender grays and quiet tertiaries. The treatment, not the subject, makes the picture. Many artists might paint pleasantly a girl at an open door, but few, at least in the English school, could produce out of so simple a subject a study so true and exquisite for modulated light, broken shade, and subtle distinctions in quality of surface, texture, and material. The picture is brought together and balanced with utmost nicety. Only we have to object that neither the face nor the hand is so true in modelling or careful in finish as the accessories. It may, indeed, be said that the Dudley Gallery generally is shaky and uncertain in drawing.

The present Exhibition will also be remembered for works of exceptional merit contributed by Marcus Stone, A. Legros, J. B. Burgess, Eyre Crowe, and B. Rivière, painters who perhaps have

little in common save that they are more or less strong in the naturalism which is everywhere the order of the day. Mr. Marcus Stone, when not too careless, shows himself a true artist. "The Past and Present" is as simple as it can be, and yet it is consummate in art. "The Past" is personified by an old woman, who looks even older than Rembrandt's famous mother; time-worn, and gnarled as a storm-beaten trunk, she rests from life's labours. "The Present" is enacted by a sportive little girl who allures with a flower a butterfly on the wing. The idea, which is pretty, has been capably carried out. The composition would engrave well; it is put together on a system; the light, shade, and colour are broad and intelligible. It is evident that Mr. Stone has of late been looking much at the French school. Still more French, as might be expected, is a most marked picture by Legros, "Les Demoiselles du mois de Marie." The artist appears to have mitigated the manly roughness and the unpromising crudity of his style in condescension to the English love for refinement and finish. Yet some of the ungainly female heads within white-bordered caps might admit with advantage of still more delicacy and toning down. The organist, however, could scarcely be better; here the mode of painting is large, and the quality of colour under half shade becomes grand in broken harmonies. We may expect from Legros something greater still. The last product from the easel of Mr. Eyre Crowe is too defiant to be passed unnoticed; as usual, the artist attracts through powers of repulsion. Why could not this awfully black line of "Frères Ignorantins" have been broken and subdued? The reply is that the picture would be nothing without a black contrast; then we can only say, so much the worse for the picture. Lady-artists, we are glad to observe, are seen in the Dudley to advantage—all the more so because content to be simple, and in the small. Miss Wells, Miss Solomon, and Miss Starr each exhibit studies true and good.

The Dudley landscapes have always had a character of their own. Though shown in Piccadilly, they are not of the Cockney school; they generally give proof of access to nature, though often they do not reach unto art; frequently they are the praiseworthy efforts of beginners who deserve encouragement. The Dudley, however, in order to star its performances, usually engages in each department the services of some few veterans and proficientes. Thus, Mr. James Holland, who has a natural consanguinity with aberrant genius, kindly contributes "To the Festa, Venice," a scene which the painter of course makes rapturous in colour. Mr. Spencer Stanhope is an artist who seems to thank God daily that he is not as other men; assuredly his "City of Florence" is sufficiently removed from commonplace, not to say from nature. We generally hope for some phenomenon from this artist's studio. Mr. Stanhope certainly paints with a purpose; he means what he says; even the black blurred shadows cast over the valley of the Arno, though altogether unlike anything we ever witnessed in the sunniest of climes, may, for aught we know, have a burden of thought—symbolic, prophetic, or other. We would also mention, as out of the common routine, studies by Mr. George Mason, whose "Evening Hymn" in the last Academy keeps an abiding place in the memory. Some of these sketches are so slight as to be of little value save as autographs; and others, however, show rare qualities of tone and colour, and have interest as indications of how the artist educes from nature poetry in response to his emotion. We also notice study-landscapes by Mr. C. P. Knight; an observant eye and a poetic intuition will generally, as here, manage to find a way of escape from prevailing conventionalities of treatment. Likewise deserving of the reward attendant on untiring labour is the unflinching transcript of "Marsden Rocks," executed by Miss Blunden. This diligent student is gaining freedom from servile drudgery; she now enters on the enlarged liberty which nature confers on true disciples. We close this cursory notice of the Dudley Gallery with two painters of the sea and shore—Mr. Arthur Severn and Mr. Henry Moore—who, in the bold play of the elements, have made themselves children of the storm. "The Sea near the Land's End," by Mr. A. Severn, heaves under the broad swell of the Atlantic; the artist suggests infinity of space, under the veil of a fog, and the guardianship of a rainbow and a sea-gull! Specially successful is the colour; yet evidently the subject has proved too much for the painter. Moore's "Summer Dabblers" on the shore comes in contrast; as is common in the refreshing sea-pieces of this painter, the waves are sparkling and crisp, the blue crystal sea under the wind crests into foam and glistens in the sunlight.

We have scarcely reserved space commensurate with the merits of "the Sixteenth Annual Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists," held in "the French Gallery, Pall Mall." This may be accepted as the most irreproachable of picture-dealers' projects; indeed, the management under one intelligent head has some advantages over the not unfrequent mismanagement of self-constituted committees. Another distinguishing characteristic, not to say advantage, of this French Gallery is found in the immediate juxtaposition of the foreign and the English schools, which severally are fairly, though somewhat scantily, represented. Among the Continental schools most conspicuous are the pictures of Bouguereau, Perrault, Schlesinger, Serure, Grönlund, Frère, Aufray, Bisschop, and Clays. It seems likely that Bouguereau will acquire a reputation in Pall Mall which he has failed to gain in Paris. Certainly "The Twins"—a replica of the work now in the Ghent Triennial Exhibition—is not wholly unworthy of the post of honour assigned to it here in London. These sleeping children are nicely painted and tenderly modelled; the picture is indeed pretty, and altogether in response to our

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English tastes, rather than in keeping with the more robust and broad treatment of the French school. Bouguereau obtained "le Prix de Rome" in 1850; he was created a chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1859; since then he has made so little advance that in the Great Exhibition of 1867 he obtained nothing more than a third prize. Of Edouard Frère nothing new can be spoken critically, except that, like Rosa Bonheur, he has lost individual character of touch, and is now in danger of suffering the usual penalties of success. Among the painters of the somewhat neglected school of Holland, which made for itself an unlooked-for reputation in the Paris International Exposition, we are glad again to encounter Bisschop. This artist we have been accustomed to watch with interest, because of certain unusual effects of light and treatments of colour derived from Rembrandt and others of the old Dutch school. The artist's use of browns and reds, the force of contrast he obtains, like Cuypp and Van der Helst, from black skillfully planted, the rare relation he keeps between colours in sunlight and in shade, are results which, though traditional and daily sought in the modern school of Holland, come as novelties to the English eye. Another Continental artist, comparatively little known in London—Clays, the Belgian marine-painter—may be studied in Pall Mall to advantage in one of his placidly poetic sea-pieces. "Ternensen—Morning" is lovely in slumbering reflections cast on the calm of a breathless sea; the sails lie in idleness, awaiting a wind. Clays certainly has qualities wanting in Vanderveld, though each painter is circumscribed to a fault. Perhaps visitors will be all the more inclined to receive the picture by Clays at its real worth when they learn that this Belgian artist, though all but unknown in London, obtained in the Paris International Exhibition equal reward with Rosa Bonheur, with Church, the painter of Niagara, and with Gude, unrivalled for Norwegian fjords. The French Gallery has always done good service in bringing such illustrious strangers to the knowledge of the English public. We can only regret that the exigencies of Exhibitions—that is, the need of pandering to popularity—seem to make inevitable the display of pictorial vulgarities; certain heads by Schlesinger, for example.

English painters present in the French Gallery, though of average merit, are without distinguishing novelty. "Pot-boiling," as before said, is at this season of the year a potent power of production. Mr. T. Faed, though R.A., makes useful capital and a poor picture of "The Highland Mary." For what possible good purpose can figures such as this be multiplied? The name of Burns's heroine is, of course, chosen to add market value to the merchandize. Landscapes by Lender are above the artist's average merit, and that is saying a great deal. Of figure-pictures specially provocative of criticism are the defiant products of two of the youngest and cleverest of our Associates. Mr. Orchardson's "Sick Chamber" is peculiarly ragged and scratchy in execution; the system of colour is equally strange; the artist's treatment of tertiaries, if at first commended by novelty, will in the end be condemned for mannerism. Mr. Pettie's "Rehearsal" is likewise somewhat too much of a good thing; a ballet girl's white skirt and pink legs make an outrageous, not to say a vulgar, composition. The artist seems to have thought that he might outrage taste by success in colour and skill in treatment. But when the artist succeeded, what became of the man? Such trifling, such indifference to responsibilities, is reprehensible. It perhaps were unreasonable, at any rate it is obviously vain, to expect that painters should become teachers; but at least, when they play with subjects of a somewhat dubious nature, taste, fancy, and imagination need not be banished.

The "Corinthian Gallery" is now added to the already too numerous list of Winter Exhibitions. "Cabinet paintings" here find a congenial abode under the same roof with a bazaar, a wine-shop, and an aviary! This last venture is more boldly assailing than its predecessors; the "Committee," possibly distrusting the unaided attraction of their wares, opened proceedings by a champagne luncheon to the "Press." We are unable to pronounce on the quality of the champagne, and we decline to say a word about the pictures. Apparently it did not occur to the devisers of this ingenious novelty that an "art exhibition" presented to the world under such auspices is necessarily out of the pale of independent criticism.

ROSSINI.

ROSSINI has died, full of years and honours. He had lived out his artistic life, or at any rate his period of productivity, long since. Many stories are current as to his reasons for virtually ceasing to labour for the world's entertainment and his own glory before he had reached the age of forty, but none worth much attention. The comparative failure of his noblest effort, or at any rate the mere "succès d'estime" which it won at the outset, may possibly have exercised some influence on his unexpected resolution. *Guillaume Tell* cost him six months of earnest and unremitting application, a longer period than he had often devoted to half a dozen operas, more or less. But it should be remembered that with *Guillaume Tell* he completed the contract which bound him to the Théâtre de l'Opéra in Paris, it being the last of three grand works which as "*Premier Compositeur du Roi*" (Charles X.), he had pledged himself to write for that establishment. His rearrangements of *Maometto Secondo* and *Mosè in Egitto* for the same theatre must have given him no small trouble, taking into consideration the proportions they assumed, as *Le Siège de Corinthe*

and *Mosè*, immediate precursors of *Guillaume Tell*. And, judged from the simple point of view of art, these are certainly the achievements which place him nearest to the musicians for all time. As a mere creation of genius the *Barbiere di Siviglia* may be named even with the last and best of the three; while there are finales and concerted pieces scattered through the many operas which he composed for the Italian theatres that clearly show how much larger were his constructive powers, and how much more thorough a command he possessed over the technical department of his art, than severe judges felt inclined to admit; but his French performances fairly challenge criticism. In truth, Rossini never endeavoured actually to do his utmost until he commenced writing for the great lyric theatre of Paris; and it may be readily imagined that one accustomed to earn laurels so easily, one whose genius had enabled him to produce masterpieces almost without knowing or caring how, who, the darling of his own country, and a recognised conqueror in the domain of opera "from Lisbon to Moscow," to say nothing of England, had, after a somewhat prolonged struggle, against the cunning intrigues of such men as Paer, &c., succeeded in winning also the allegiance of France—the most difficult, because in musical matters the most arrogant and conceited, of nations—would experience a certain degree of mortification from the fact that in France he had set himself for the first time quite seriously to work and yet failed to obtain the recognition which was his due. No one knew so well as Rossini that in *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Mosè* he had surpassed his previous efforts, and that in *Guillaume Tell* he had gone still further. This too he had done in submission to French taste, accommodating himself to the French way of looking at such things, declaiming after the French fashion, becoming dramatic from the French special point of view, supplying the French with their indispensable ballet, and composing for them dance music such as had never been composed before and has never been composed since, Auber and Meyerbeer not forgotten—and all this while giving a new shape to dramatic music and stamping it indelibly with the imprint of his own individuality. After being initiated into the French mode of dealing with this particular kind of lyric composition, he taught the French in turn, showing them what true genius could accomplish under any conditions. To *Le Siège de Corinthe*, and still more to *Mosè*, we owe Auber's *Muet de Portici* and *Gustave III.*; and, in a measure, too, the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer—to say nothing of *La Juive* and other works of Halévy; but *Guillaume Tell* was an entirely new creation, to imitate which successfully would have demanded an invention no less fertile than that of the author of *Guillaume Tell* himself. Among the causes, therefore, which have been suggested for Rossini's abandoning the pen nearly forty years ago, the most feasible seems to be the scant appreciation accorded to that great work which had cost him so much thought to plan, so much labour to complete, and upon which he had lavished all the wealth of his extraordinary resources. It is difficult to believe that his invention was exhausted at this period, or that he had written himself out. His *Stabat Mater*, indeed, the most important pieces in which were composed three years later than *Guillaume Tell*, his *Soirées Musicales*, his religious choruses, "*La Foi, L'Espérance et La Charité*," his "*Tantum ergo*" emphatically declare the contrary. On the other hand, the scandal that so long obtained credence about Rossini's jealousy of Meyerbeer and Halévy, and the avowed determination not to resume his pen till "*les Juifs auraient fini leur sabat*," is beneath consideration. From their first acquaintance in Italy to the end Rossini and Meyerbeer lived on terms of friendly intimacy. No one spoke with more enthusiasm of Rossini than Meyerbeer, and no one said so little in disparagement of Meyerbeer as Rossini.

Gioacchino Rossini was born in 1792 (February 29th), less than three months after the death of Mozart. His birthplace was Pesaro, in the Roman States. Upon the details of his boyhood it is unnecessary to dwell; nor, even did space permit, should we think of attempting a history of his life. Rossini's life resembled that of many other Italian composers for the theatre—a life full of ups and downs. Hurrying to and fro, sometimes to success, at others to failure, for a long time receiving the smallest guerdon for operas, written for this town or for that, he gradually, though surely, won the public sympathy, and, as a natural sequence, managerial recognition, till at length fortune smiled upon him and he could command his own terms. Such was the life of Rossini, from the time at which he composed his earliest operatic works, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* (in one act) and *L'Equivoque Stravagante* (in two), the first for Venice (1810), the last for Bologna (1811), to the time that *Tancredi*, produced at the Fenice in Venice (1813), made his name famous over Italy; such was his life from *Tancredi* to the *Barbiere di Siviglia* (Feb. 1815), upon which his fame has depended as much as upon *Guillaume Tell* itself; such from *Il Barbiere* to *Semiramide*, brought out at the Fenice, Venice (1823)—the last opera he composed for Italy. What was before all remarkable is the rapidity of production which enabled Rossini within the space of thirteen years to give so many operas to the world, and among them so many containing much that is likely to endure. When he wrote *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* he was but 18; when he wrote *Semiramide* he was no more than 31. Nor was his ordinary habit of composing by any means favourable to the end in view. He frequently wasted in conviviality a good portion of the time stipulated for in his contracts with managers, and only when one might imagine there was just enough left at disposal to enable a copyist to make a fair copy of his score did he begin in earnest. He would then shut himself up and

see no one till his opera was entirely sketched out, the scoring of it for the orchestra, which to the majority is by no means the least arduous task, being usually effected while laughing and conversing with his boon companions. And yet Rossini never failed on the appointed day when his work was to be delivered into the hands of the *impresario*. Even *Guillaume Tell* was scored under similar circumstances, with the same easy nonchalance, in the society of his Parisian friends.

The operas we have named form the standpoints of the various stages in Rossini's Italian career. Between *La Cambiale* and *L'Equivoque Stravagante*, written when he was scarcely free from the trammels of Mattei, his master in counterpoint and composition, to whose strict habits of discipline the young musician was anything rather than passively obedient, and *Tancredi*, he composed *L'Inganno Felice*, *Il Cambio della Valigia*, *Ciro in Babylonia*, *La Scala di Seta*, *I due Bruchini*, *La Pietra del Paragone*, *L'Occasione fa la Ladra* and *Demetrio e Polibio*, all of which were received with more or less favour, two or three of them with enthusiasm. No less than six were produced within the space of a single year (1812). The book of *Demetrio e Polibio*, Rossini's first attempt at *opera seria*, was written by Madame Mombelli, sister of the choreograph, Viganò, who invented the ballet of *Prometheus*, which Beethoven set to music. A quartet in this opera is spoken of, by Stendhal and others in glowing terms. In *L'Inganno Felice* may be detected a foreshadowing of *Il Barbiere* and *Cenerentola*; while *Ciro in Babylonia* contains a chorus of magicians which would not have been out of place in *Semiramide*. As *La Cambiale* was the opera by which Rossini tried his wings at the little theatre of San Mosè, in Venice, so *La Pietra del Paragone* first brought him forward at the great theatre of La Scala in Milan. This last may fairly be regarded as his "pierre de touche." It was in *La Pietra* that he first employed the effect of "*crescendo*," subsequently and so often turned to excellent account, but of which he was no more the inventor than Giuseppe Mosca, from whom he was said to have stolen it. But enough of the early works of our composer, who received for each no more than the moderate consideration of from 200 to 250 francs—except for *La Pietra del Paragone*, for which he was paid 600. His first standpoint, as we have said, was *Tancredi*, in which at the age of 21 he showed himself master of *opera seria* and creator of a school. *La Pietra del Paragone*, as one of his biographers justly remarks, "gave him reputation; *Tancredi* gave him glory." From *Demetrio e Polibio* to *Tancredi* was one step; from *La Pietra* to *L'Italiana in Algeri* another. What *Tancredi* had done for Rossini in the direction of serious opera *L'Italiana* did for him in the direction of comic opera. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was produced in the summer of 1813, at the San Benedetto, Venice, and met with unequivocal success. In the *Italiana*, extravagant as is the libretto, Rossini had given new life to the *buffo* style. Every piece, from the overture to the trio "Pappatàci," was instinct with fresh vigour. He had now arrived at such a point that the *Barbiere* and *Semiramide* are easily explained. Though producing with almost unexampled rapidity, he composed so much that, while frequently repeating himself, to write an opera was to him no labour; and it depended solely upon the mood he might be in whether the opera would or would not turn out a genuine work of art. Thus *L'Aureliano in Palmira*, which separated *L'Italiana* from *Il Barbiere*, was at the best a *refacimento*. It is remembered, however, for several reasons. Its overture was that now played to the *Barbiere*; and the theme of one of its choruses is the same as that of Almaviva's cavatina, "Ecco ridente." Rossini (like Auber) would use for other purposes whatever pleased him best in a work which had been unsuccessful; and for this he has frequently been called to account. *Aureliano* is otherwise noticeable as the opera in which Rossini himself first wrote the embellishments of his airs. Hence the florid *bravura* style, subsequently carried to a high pitch in *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, and still later brought to perfection in *Semiramide*.

L'Italiana in Algeri was followed by *Il Turco in Italia*. This *opera buffa*, as extravagant and as amusing in its way as its direct precursor, with Filippo Galli as the "Turco," Giovanni Davide as Narciso, and Paccini (the Ronconi of his day) as Don Geronio, was produced at the Scala, Milan, in the autumn of 1814, and brought its composer the magnificent sum of 800 francs; but the Milanese, jealous of the Venetians, who had gone wild about *L'Italiana*, received it with as much coldness as they had shown to *L'Aureliano*. This was not encouraging for Rossini, whose next opera, *Sigismondo*, although highly praised by the orchestra as his very best, and produced at the theatre which had witnessed the triumph of *Tancredi*, was a decided failure. *Sigismondo* is now as little known as the *Cambio della Valigia*, of which not a single piece is extant. In the autumn of the same year Rossini produced another *opera seria*, entitled *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, at Naples, having entered into an engagement with the notorious Barbaja to undertake the musical direction of the San Carlo and Fondo in that city, and to compose an opera for each annually. *Elisabetta* at the San Carlo was the first fruit of this engagement. The overture was that to *Aureliano in Palmira* (to which the composer must have been very partial). The "recitativo secco," or recitative, accompanied solely by violoncello and pianoforte, was here for the first time abandoned; Rossini himself wrote the ornaments and *fioriture* for the singers, instead of permitting them to supply their own; and among the principal performers were Manuel Garcia, the tenor (Malibran's father), and the Spanish mezzo soprano, Isabella Colbrand, who, seven years later, became Rossini's wife. The opera had genuine success, and so delighted was the King with the music, that he issued an express order for removing

the prohibition against the works of Rossini which had been enforced at the Conservatorio, by the pedantic old master, Zingarelli. Although subsequently given in London, when the composer and his wife were engaged at the King's Theatre, *Elisabetta* is now almost forgotten.

The opera which came after *Elisabetta* was *Torvaldo e Dorliaki*, at the Teatro Valle, Rome (1815), the chief characters being sustained by Madame Sala (who long afterwards settled in England), Donzelli, Galli, and Remorini. *Torvaldo* was a failure; but one of its most striking themes was subsequently introduced in *Otello*. It was succeeded by *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rome, 1816). *Il Barbiere*—with the intermission of *La Gazzetta*, an *operetta buffa*, improvised for the Teatro dei Fiorentini—was followed by *Otello* (Naples, 1816); *Otello* by *La Cenerentola* (Rome, 1817); and *La Cenerentola* by *La Gazzetta Ladra* (Milan, 1817). The production of four such works—not to speak of a cantata, entitled *Teti a Peleo*, or of the scarcely known *Gazzetta*, or of *Armida*, composed and performed at the San Carlo, Naples—within so brief an interval of time, denotes a facility only excelled by the almost incredible feats of Handel. About the *Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazzetta Ladra* it would be superfluous to say anything; the anecdotes connected with their production are familiar, while as operas they are just as popular in England as elsewhere. Nor need we do more than enumerate the remaining works of Rossini—*Adelaida di Borgogna*, (Rome, 1818); *Mosè in Egitto*, afterwards the *Moise* of Paris (Naples, 1818); *Adina*, a one-act opera (Lisbon, 1818); *Ricciardo e Zoraide* (Naples, 1818); *Ermione* (Naples, 1819); *Eduardo e Cristina*, a "centone," or *pasticcio*, made out of pieces from the two works last mentioned (Venice, 1819); *La Donna del Lago* (San Carlo, Naples, 1819); *Bianca e Faliero* (the Scala, Milan, 1820); *Maometto Secondo*, afterwards the *Paris Siège de Corinthe* (Naples, San Carlo, 1820); *Matilda di Shabran* (Rome, 1821); *Zelmira* (Naples, 1821); and *Semiramide* (Teatro Fenice, Vienna, 1823). All these were produced under the same conditions of precipitate haste as the operas which preceded them, and the catalogue alone, without reference to the beauties with which many of them are crowded, and in which not one is altogether wanting, must raise astonishment at the facility and seemingly inexhaustible invention of the composer. In *Ricciardo e Zoraide* Rossini had a chance of writing for Pisaroni, for whom afterwards he composed the part of Malcolm Graeme in *La Donna del Lago*. When he first heard Pisaroni at Genoa, she was singing soprano characters, and among others, Almaviva and Matilda in *Tancredi* and *Matilda di Shabran*; and it was he who persuaded the great *contralto* to abandon soprano, and take to parts for which her voice was naturally suited. Through his advice Pisaroni became the greatest *contralto* of her time—the *Tancredi* and *Arsace* *par excellence*. *Ricciardo*, next to *Semiramide*, is the opera in which Rossini has been most prodigal of the florid *bravura* style. Of *Bianca e Faliero* little is now remembered but a quartet and a duet for women's voices, both since interpolated in *La Donna del Lago*. At the first three representations of *Matilda di Shabran* the orchestra was directed by the famous violinist Paganini, who, the conductor being ill, had, without Rossini's knowledge, proffered his services to the *impresario*. Shortly after the first performance of *Zelmira*, in which Madlle. Isabella Colbrand played the principal character, she accompanied Rossini to Bologna, where their marriage was solemnized—the result of seven years' courtship. Though originally produced at Naples, *Zelmira* was composed for Vienna, and it was the first opera (followed by *Matilda*, *Elisabetta*, *La Gazzetta Ladra*, and *Ricciardo*) which so completely fascinated the Austrian capital, to the despair of Beethoven and the anger of *soi-disant* "classical" critics. With respect to *Semiramide*, to this day so popular, it is enough to state that the chief singers on the occasion of its first representation were Colbrand (*Semiramide*), Mariani (*Arsace*), Galli (*Assur*), and the English tenor, Sinclair (*Idreno*). Speaking of *Semiramide*, Rossini said, "It is the only one of my Italian operas which I had the chance of composing at leisure; my contract allowed me forty days;—but I did not take forty days to write it." The Italian career of this singularly-gifted man thus commenced at the little theatre of San Mosè with the musical farce of *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, and terminated at the great theatre of La Fenice with the lyric tragedy of *Semiramide*. Thus Venice, so far as his own country was concerned, was both his Alpha and Omega.

Of Rossini's sojourn in Vienna (1822) no more need be said. We may pause to regret that the opera he wrote expressly for the Austrians, the *Zelmira*, of which Carpani and others speak in raptures, although given in London during the professional visit of the great Italian and his wife (1823-4), should be at this moment virtually unknown to London amateurs. With reference to this visit it is enough to add that Rossini did not compose the opera, *La Figlia dell'Aria*, for which he had engaged himself to the manager of the King's Theatre, but paid the forfeit instead. His time had been otherwise too profitably employed; by singing and accompanying at concerts, public and private, he had amassed, in less than five months, between 7,000*l.* and 8,000*l.* Nor shall we go into details about his varied fortunes as director of the Italian Opera in Paris, where he produced the *Crociato in Egitto* of Meyerbeer, where he composed *Il Viaggio di Rheims*, afterwards metamorphosed into *Le Comte Ory* (for the *fêtes du sacre* of Charles X.),

* Originally played in London, at the King's Theatre, as *Pietro l'Eremita*.

† Performed at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, under the name of *Zora*.

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where he brought forward Donzelli, Rubini, Malibran, Sontag, Piaroni, Galli, Lablache, Tamburini, and Giulia Grisi, where he engaged Hérold, composer of *Zampa* and *Le Pré aux Clercs*, as *chef du chant*, and did many other things worthy of commemoration. To his subsequent achievements in Paris reference has been made at the beginning of this article. In 1836 Rossini left Paris for Bologna; in 1845 his first wife died in that city; in 1847 he married Madlle. Olympe Pellissier, now his widow; and in the same year quitted Bologna for Florence, where he remained till 1855, when he returned to Paris, never again to leave it. The position he held and the life he led in the French capital are well known.

If not the most learned of Italian composers, or the one who did most with the gifts he owed to nature, Rossini was certainly the most prolific. Compared with Cherubini as a scholar he could not fairly be, any more than as an inventor Cherubini could be compared with him. Cimarosa and Paesello, his immediate predecessors, were also prolific; so was Piccini, who preceded them; but allowing for the time in which they respectively flourished and the progress which, through the German masters (Haydn and Mozart especially) the art had made, we must still allow that Rossini was not only in genius but in acquirement their superior. What, after all, is the *Barbiere* of Paesello, what the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa (the *Buona Figliola* of Piccini is altogether out of date), placed in juxtaposition with the *Barbiere* of Rossini? Or, to leave *opera buffa*, and go to *opera seria*, who would think of putting the *Orasii ed i Curiazii* of Cimarosa on a par with *Otello*, or with any other of Rossini's operas of that class? As a proof that the old masters, changes of style and means accounted for, can hold their own, it is but necessary to cite the instance of Mozart; and we should no more think of pitting *Guillaume Tell* against *Don Giovanni* than the *Barbiere* against *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But can any one acquainted with their works imagine Paesello or Cimarosa writing *Guillaume Tell* or *Moise*? No, nor even *Otello*. All the Italian dramatic music of the last half century comes more or less from Rossini. Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi himself, are alike indebted to him; and how much they are his inferiors need scarcely be added. That Auber, superlatively French as he is, owes him something, Auber would be the readiest to admit. Meyerbeer was more or less his debtor to the end; and the influence to which we owe *Margherita d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato* is not altogether absent from *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSORS THOMSON AND TAIT ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.*

THE University of Oxford is earning the thanks, not of her own students alone, but of the public at large, by means of the excellent series of manuals which she has put forth of late in furtherance of her new curriculum of study. The subjects of History and Law, and still more emphatically that of the Natural Sciences, can hardly fail to receive by this means an impulse which must be felt throughout the entire education of the country. Of the whole set of what are termed the *Clarendon Series*, we cannot point to one which more thoroughly comes up to its intended mark, or which is more calculated to form an era in the branch of scientific study of which it treats, than the work of Professors Thomson and Tait on *Natural Philosophy*. This treatise was not, we are informed, undertaken in the first instance as part of that series. It was already on the eve of completion as a private enterprise, when the authors were informed that the Delegates of the Clarendon Press were desirous of publishing the work as one of their educational series. This resolution reflects honour upon the discrimination and scientific leanings of that body. The writers at the same time are justified in congratulating themselves upon the powerful patronage thus secured, as calculated to assist them materially in one of their main objects, which was "the introduction into University study and examination of something like a complete course of natural philosophy." The three volumes remaining to complete the series will, in consequence of this act of adoption, be printed at the Clarendon. It is no idle compliment, however, to Messrs. Constable, the Royal Printers for Scotland and for the University of Edinburgh, to say that no particular advantage beyond that of convenience to the publishing body can be expected from this transfer. As a specimen of mathematical printing—one of the most crucial tests, we need scarcely say, of typographical care and skill—the present volume is hardly to be surpassed. Having looked into it with much heed to accuracy in this particular, we can add our tribute of appreciation to that of the authors themselves. The list of errata discovered by those gentlemen in this volume of more than 700 pages amounts to no more than a page. These, too, are for the most part trivial, and not by any means connected with the mathematical element exclusively. The writers modestly confess that "there can hardly fail to be a good many more." That so few are to be detected on the surface will be thought no mean certificate of merit, by those at least who have been in the habit of passing mathematical papers through the press.

We have not the means of discriminating between the respective shares allotted to each other by the joint authors in the composition of this elaborate work. Whether, of the multifarious heads under which the treatise falls, so many are due to Sir William Thomson, so many to Professor Tait, or whether a common responsibility pervades the whole, there is nothing on the surface to indicate. Nor can we be sure how far this division of labour coincides with the main distinction of method and treatment which runs through the whole—one part, namely the experimental, being couched in language adapted to the unmathematical reader; the other, or the mathematical, furnishing, to those who have the privilege of special culture in that branch, a connected outline of the analytical processes by which the greater part of this knowledge has been extended to regions as yet unexplored by experiment. It is the latter characteristic, we must premise, which confers its highest and most prominent value upon the admirable treatise before us. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that what was effected by the *Principia* for our knowledge of the mechanism of the heavens has been done by the present work for the province of terrestrial mechanics. It was the glory of Newton to reduce to geometrical demonstration the phenomena of the celestial movements. To the present compilers is due the credit of having laid down a mathematical basis for statical and dynamical science in its widest and most general form. It is a work to give delight to the shade of Pythagoras. The grand result of all concurrent research in modern times has been to confirm what was perhaps but a dream of genius, or an instinct of the keen Greek intellect, that all the operations of nature are rooted and grounded in number and figure. In the law of definite proportions first enunciated in chemistry, and in the wider and clearer definition now adopted for the misnamed atomic theory, were foreshadowings of wider and more sweeping generalizations— isolated and partial instances of what would one day appear as the law of universal action and the key to the manifold mysteries of nature. Beyond, it may be, what lay within the utmost scope of pure geometry, even in the hands of its most inspired and potent master, the more keen and subtle power of modern analysis has succeeded in penetrating. It has brought to the test of demonstration much that was empirical or paradoxical in our knowledge of physics. For the first time the student of nature feels, amid the floods of mystery and even of awe which beset his pursuit of nature's secrets, something of firm ground under his feet. Where genius could often but hazard inspired guesses, or announce results beyond its own power to connect or at times to verify, abstract science comes in with its instrument of positive proof, and bids order and harmony reign over the confused or discordant mass of experiment. The lack of this positive foundation of the mind in a course of strict mathematical training was felt and bewailed by the greatest experimentalist the world has ever seen. It will be the fault of our rising generation of students of nature if they neglect in their own case an advantage which Faraday would have given worlds to have enjoyed in early life. Entering upon their course with a manual such as the present treatise to guide them, they are already in the royal road to scientific learning. To our natural philosophers of the future we must look for a harmonious combination of experimental sagacity with mathematical precision. We expect the keenest analytical power, combined with the most vigorous grasp of physical fact and observation. We need a Sylvester and a Tyndall rolled into one. To point out to our youthful aspirants the standard of attainment, and to guide them in the way in which they should go towards it, is the object of the present splendid monument of labour.

We must not forget that the ground in this direction was first systematically broken five-and-twenty years ago by Archdeacon Pratt, in his admirable *Natural Philosophy*, following the greatest of pioneers, Laplace, and guided not only in general by the valuable *Mécanique* of Poisson, but by the treatment of particular problems in the *Mathematical Tracts* of Mr. O'Brien and Professor Airy. The excellent treatises of Mr. Price of Oxford, while dealing professedly with the processes and problems of pure mathematics in their higher development, will be found to indicate at special steps of the argument the bearing of the more important analytical theories upon the more difficult problems of physics. Through all this chain of philosophical expansion the characteristic and inspiring principle has been that of the application of the most recent and recondite of analytical processes to the concrete phenomena of nature. It is in this field, we repeat, that the greatest and surest advances of modern science have been made, and that its future triumphs are to be won. For a time, indeed, it seems as if the great and pressing need of the age lay in a further advance on the purely abstract or mathematical side. Already—as in portions of the lunar theory, and other branches of applied science—equations, partly determined by observation and experiment, remain, so to say, hung up, awaiting, for their solution, an increment to our powers of integration. How far we may look to the soaring efforts of our leading analysts into new realms of mathematical abstraction for help in such old struggles as that with the problem of three bodies, or similar varieties of *crux* in the higher region of mechanics, we do not venture to anticipate. Enough for us to recognise, and to use with gladness and diligence, such aids as the existing *organon* of mathematical discovery has placed within our reach.

Side by side, however, with the strides of mathematical theory, our conceptions of a physical kind have been gaining equally in definiteness and positive truth. As an instance of this we take

* *Treatise on Natural Philosophy*. By Sir William Thomson, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.; and Peter Guthrie Tait, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

what lies at the basis of the whole structure of mechanical—or, as our authors, taking the widest ground, prefer to call it, “natural”—philosophy, the principle of Force. Old standing controversies have made us familiar with the fundamental antithesis between matter and force. No one now hopes for a definition of matter which would satisfy metaphysicians of the older school. The naturalist may be content, with our authors, to know matter as “that which can be perceived by the senses,” or as “that which can be acted upon by, or can exert, force.” The former, no less than the latter, of these definitions involves and ultimately runs up into the idea of Force, which is, in fact, a direct object of sense; probably of all our senses, and certainly of the “muscular sense.” And as “matter” ultimately admits of no more real or imaginable entity than as a mode of force, so must force be invested with that indestructibility which had come to be a demonstrated attribute of matter. The grand principle of the conservation of energy or force, one of the most magnificent of modern generalizations—foreshadowed, it is satisfactory to know, by Newton, experimentally worked out by Joule—has been kept in view as one of the fundamental portions of our authors’ system.

Adopting the suggestion of Ampère, these writers have used the term *kinematics* for the purely geometrical science of motion in the abstract. They have employed the word *dynamics* in its true sense, for the science which treats of the action of force, whether it maintains relative rest or produces acceleration of relative motion. The two corresponding divisions of dynamics are conveniently entitled Statics and Kinetics. Motion in the abstract is, of course, to be considered as entirely independent of the existence of matter and force. The treatise begins with a chapter on Motion, involving the consideration of curves and their tortuosity, the curvature of surface, and other matters of pure geometry. The treatment of Harmonic Motion naturally leads to Fourier’s theorem, one of the most generally useful of all applications of analytical results to physical science. A formula included in this theorem as a particular case, had been given previously by Lagrange, but it was reserved for Fourier to furnish the complete demonstration in connexion with his investigations upon heat. It has since been applied to the propagation of electric currents, to sonorous waves, and to the conduction of heat by the earth’s crust, with numberless other problems which would have been intractable without it. A short treatise is added upon the remarkable functions known as “Laplace’s coefficients,” or, as they are variously termed, “spherical harmonics.” These furnish beautiful examples of pure analytical treatment for students in the higher branches of mathematics. There is no reason, however, why readers of a less advanced degree should shrink in alarm from pages bristling, like so much of the present work, with mathematical symbols. The larger portion of its contents can be mastered by those who bring to the task a competent knowledge of the differential and integral calculus. Great portions, too, can be followed and appreciated without even so much of technical training, though readers of this class must be content to accept the conclusions of science without mastering the demonstrations on which they rest. In the second chapter Newton’s Laws of Motion are given in his own words, with several of his own commentaries, failure having followed every attempt to supersede them. As an instance of some of the latest results obtained from the application of the higher analysis to the problems of terrestrial statics, we would cite a passage, towards the end of the book, on the determination of the date of the consolidation of the earth from its ellipticity and the effects of tidal friction:—

In 1853 Adams pointed out an error in Laplace’s work, which had till then escaped the notice of physical astronomers; and showed that only about half of the observed acceleration of the moon’s mean motion relative to the angular velocity of the earth’s rotation was accountable for by Laplace’s theory. In 1859 he communicated to Delaunay his final result:—that at the end of a century the moon is $5^{\circ}7'$ before the position she would have, relatively to a meridian of the earth, according to the angular velocities of the two motions, at the beginning of the century, and the acceleration of the moon’s motion truly calculated from the various disturbing causes then recognised. Delaunay soon after verified this result: and about the beginning of 1866 suggested that the true explanation may be a retardation of the earth’s rotation by tidal friction. Using this hypothesis, and allowing for the consequent retardation of the moon’s mean motion by tidal reaction, Adams, in an estimate which he has communicated to us, founded on the rough assumption that the parts of the earth’s retardation due to solar and lunar tides are as the squares of the respective tide-generating forces, finds 22' as the error by which the earth would in a century get behind a perfect clock rated at the beginning of the century. If the retardation of rate giving this integral effect in a century were uniform, the earth, as a timekeeper, would be going slower by $22'$ of a second per year in the middle, or $44'$ of a second per year at the end, of the century. The latter is $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of the present angular velocity; and if the rate of retardation had been uniform since ten million centuries back, the earth must have been then rotating faster by $\frac{1}{2}$ than at present, and the centrifugal force greater in the proportion of 64 to 49. If the consolidation took place then or earlier, the ellipticity of the upper layers of equal density must have been $\frac{1}{100}$ instead of about $\frac{1}{200}$, as it certainly is. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the date of the consolidation is considerably more recent than a thousand million years ago. In Appendix D, it is shown from the theory of the conduction of heat that the date of consolidation may be about a hundred million years ago, but cannot possibly have been so remote as five hundred million years.

In the next volume the last division will be completed by chapters on the Kinetics of a particle and the Kinetics of solids and fluids. The vibrations of solids and wave motion in general will be fully treated. The various Properties of Matter will follow, including, we presume, the latest advances in the treatment of magnetic and electric science, more especially in that of terrestria

magnetism, as well as a fuller discussion of the tidal theory, which is already touched upon in a masterly manner in more than one section of the present volume. The work, when complete, will assuredly mark, we can but repeat, an era in the history of science.

HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.*

WE must confess to having taken up this volume with some expectation of finding a martyrology instead of a history. The announcement that it is published at the “Wesleyan Conference Office,” and the quotation of the stock-text from the Apocalypse about “being drunk with the blood of the saints and the martyrs,” &c., which figures on the title-page, looked suspicious. Nor were we altogether reassured, though no doubt we ought to have been, by the very emphatic testimonial as to his capabilities and success which the author gives himself in the preface. “The tale is told—the history of the Inquisition is written.” Future historians may perhaps do something to embellish the story, but they can add nothing of importance to the work of Dr. Harris Rule. “Some one of more leisure, greater patience, and a disposition for more voluminous labour, may produce a larger book; but . . . the time has come when one may fairly say that the history of the Inquisition is written.” (The italics are his own.) And we may fairly say also that Dr. Harris Rule was raised up by Providence to write it. “The present author humbly thanks God, who has spared him long enough to write it.” If we cannot very fervently re-echo this expression of gratitude, it is not that we have failed to derive a great deal of useful information from his book, or that we have not read it with considerable interest. The subject was enough to secure that. But we must venture to differ from the author in thinking that the history of the Inquisition is not yet written, at least in English; and in cherishing the hope that some writer, not only of greater leisure and patience, but of wider information, larger sympathies, and something of that historical sense of which no trace is to be found in the present volume, may hereafter be found to undertake it. Dr. Rule is so far fortunate that he has hit upon a theme where exaggeration is difficult and condemnation can hardly be too severe. Few institutions known to history are so wholly indefensible in principle or so entirely unlovely in practice as “the Supreme and Universal Holy Roman Inquisition.” No tribunal probably has ever existed in the civilized world which has attracted to itself such abundance and such bitterness of hatred; and none has so abundantly deserved it. But for this very reason a writer of ordinary tact, to say nothing of higher qualifications, would have felt that it was wisest to let his facts speak for themselves, and that the effect of an unvarnished narrative would only be weakened by the habitual interpolation of comments, ejaculations, and curses. Moreover, an historian, as such, is not an advocate or a preacher. His business is to narrate, not to edify or to declaim. But Dr. Rule seems always to have his congregation before his eyes, and writes his “history” as though he were in the pulpit, or on the platform. The habitual use of such phraseology as “the jargon of the Inquisition,” for the official terminology of its procedure; “the arrogant Pope-king,” as a standing synonym for the Pope; “the provinces of Popedom,” meaning all Roman Catholic countries; “the Roman hyenas,” meaning Roman Catholics—may be quite appropriate at the Wesleyan Conference Office, but are hardly in place in the pages of an historical work. The author’s notions of grammatical accuracy are amusingly illustrated by the statement that “persons might be prosecuted by whomsoever chose,” and his felicity as a translator of Latin by his rendering *universitas populi* “the university of people.” We hope, too, that he will explain in a glossary to his next edition what is meant by “the ceremony of anabaptism,” which a certain “Romish bishop” in India appears to have been fond of performing. It is a little startling again, in the pages of a Christian and even clerical writer, to hear the conversion of Jews or Moors to “Romanism” invariably spoken of as “apostacy,” on the express ground that “Romanism is not Christianity,” while the ceremony of “re-Judaization” is hailed as a “recovery of the renegades,” and Judaism is regarded as a “channel of sympathy by which Gospel truth had begun to flow in Spain.” “All Christian denominations,” we are told, “are condemned by the Church.” On the other hand, “Protestantism, when it degenerates into Socinianism, becomes a Christianity so false that it had better by far die than live.” It was a rule of the Inquisition, according to the author, that those who called on Satan were not guilty of heresy if they commanded him, but were guilty if they besought him. The distinction sounds fanciful enough, but Dr. Rule’s comment is, “They might command, without much impropriety (we should say), the being who had so long, so intimately, so effectually served their Church.” And the book winds up with a solemn intimation that departed Inquisitors are confined, without hope of deliverance, in “dungeons even deeper and darker than their own.” It is true that these *purpurei panni*—and we have given but a few specimens—with which the narrative is so richly interlarded, are not misleading; they are simply tiresome, and tend to turn a serious subject into ridicule. But they also indicate a deficiency

* History of the Inquisition, in every Country where its Tribunals have been established, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Time. By W. E. Rule, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2 Castle Street. City Road. 1868.

in the most elementary qualifications of an historian, which is indeed conspicuous throughout the volume.

One might suppose that a writer on Roman Catholic tribunals of heresy would have taken the trouble to master the rudiments of Roman Catholic doctrine, especially as he is so confident in his assertions of its complete antagonism to the Gospel. Yet when Dr. Rule has to describe the case of a layman brought before the Inquisition for feigning himself a priest, saying mass, hearing confessions, and performing other sacerdotal functions, he gravely informs his readers that the culprit's offence was his involving all these sacramental acts in "the category of uncertainties," because "sacramental acts depend for their validity on intention." In other words, he supposes that, if the layman had said mass with right intention, the Inquisitors would have considered it a valid mass, and acquitted him of all blame. A few pages before he had told us that the Nestorians had "never heard of the mass" till the Portuguese occupation of India, when, by the way, the "ceremony of anabaptism" was also enforced upon them. In another place he says, "The Fifth of Lateran (held under Leo X.) is acknowledged by the Church of Rome to be a General Council." It is a still stranger exhibition of ignorance to complain of converted Jews being "required to abjure the Sabbath, together with circumcision and the distinction of meats," as a subtle device of the Inquisitors to destroy "the religious knowledge, the sanctity, and the blessedness that always distinguish Sabbath-keeping nations!" In another place, "Prince Charles of England, afterwards King Charles I.," is said to have been "sent by his father to Madrid for education!"

Nor is Dr. Rule more happy in his grasp of the bearings of historical phenomena than in the accuracy of his record of them. Where his religious feelings are concerned, he is absolutely without any power of discrimination. Everybody who was persecuted by the Inquisition is a "blessed martyr," and everybody who was, directly or indirectly, connected with it, besides many who were not, is an enemy of God and of His people. The grandeur of Innocent III., the profound piety of St. Bernard, Ximenes, and Xavier—tarnished as their characters were, no doubt, by the faults and errors of their age—have no charm for him. For the pure and high-minded Archbishop Carranza, who was accused, falsely it seems, of Lutheran leanings, he has some little sympathy, though its force is blunted by a grotesque comparison of "this Primate of Spain" with the "Primate of England," Cranmer, "his yet greater learning (?), his fearful conflict, his momentary weakness"—that is, of some half-dozen recantations—"his grand confession at the last, and his glorious martyrdom," &c. In one passage the question is raised, whether the mediæval Church really cared about preserving the purity of her faith intact, which one would have imagined was obvious enough. Dr. Rule however proceeds, with an ostentatious display of philosophical calmness, to prove that she did not, because, while heresy was severely punished, immorality was rampant in the thirteenth century, and priests were advised to deal gently with their penitents in the confessional. If there were any use in reasoning with a man whose notions of an argument are so eccentric, we might remind Dr. Rule that it is possible, under certain circumstances, to suppress heresy by persecution, but quite impossible to suppress that sensuality which is more or less characteristic of human nature in every age, and that it is no necessary evidence of hypocrisy—whatever else it may be evidence of—to burn heretics without burning fornicators and adulterers. Moreover, as a matter of fact, the Spanish Inquisition did labour hard, and with considerable success, to suppress immoral literature in that country, though we should never have gathered the fact from Dr. Rule's pages; and this is, indeed, the one redeeming feature about it. But we fear Dr. Rule would hardly admit that any book censured by the Inquisition could be immoral. In describing the persecution of a certain Amaury, a teacher at the University of Paris, early in the thirteenth century, and his followers, he tells us that ten suffered in the flames—their enemies afterwards certifying that they were "eminent for honesty and gravity of life." They may have been; but it was no fault of their master's if they were, and all contemporary evidence goes to prove that they were exactly the reverse. If Dr. Rule had only consulted so well-known, and, we may add, so unimpeachably Protestant an authority as Gieseler's Church history, he would have learnt that Amaury's characteristic doctrine was "*quod in caritate constitutis nullum peccatum imputabatur*." The writer adds, "*unde sub tali specie pietatis ejus sequaces (the people who were burnt) omnem turpitudinem committebant*." Our readers would hardly thank us for continuing the quotation, which describes the practices of the sect in minuter detail.

But it is time to give a specimen of the author's style, and the following passage, from the marks it shows of careful elaboration, and its abundant use of the *presens historicus*, is admirably adapted for the purpose:—

Pope Alexander III., elected in the year 1159, but soon after his election driven from Rome by the anti-Pope Octavian, has come by sea to France. Henry II. of England, who is in Normandy, and Louis VII. of France, hearing of his arrival, both hasten to give him welcome, and lead him in state on horseback through the town of Conci on the Loire; one monarch walking humbly on either side, and each holding the bridle. Thomas Becket will soon be there also. He has just been made Archbishop of Canterbury; and is, as yet, on good terms with the King his master. It is two or three years since some confessors of Christ were the first to suffer death for His sake in England, at the hands of men called Christians; and about sixteen years ago Bernard—now sainted for his services—first came into Languedoc, to lead a crusade against the Albigenses. The King of England has meekly

kissed the Pope's foot; and, not presuming to occupy a chair in his presence, has sat down with his barons on the floor, in the abbey of Bourg-Dieu. Thus abject are Englishmen in the twelfth century.

We should rather like to know who "the confessors of Christ" were, for, if we are not mistaken, the burning of heretics did not begin till a century or two later in England. There was a Council held in London in 1102, it is true, but what it condemned was the nameless vice which Dr. Rule elsewhere animadverts upon the Lisbon Inquisitors in no measured terms for not punishing with sufficient severity. If Dr. Rule's studies should ever become "voluminous" enough to include Morrison's Life of "the sainted Bernard," he will perhaps see reason to repent of his silly sneer. It would also be an advantage to the earlier portion of his history if he would consult the pages of Dr. Maitland.

We have not left ourselves space to say much about the Inquisition itself, nor is there, indeed, anything very new to be said about it in the way of comment. But a thoroughly accurate and impartial history of the institution would be a valuable acquisition to our literature. Some of the materials for such a work may be found in this volume, which is both more interesting and more trustworthy than Foxe's Martyrology, to which it bears a strong family resemblance. More than a third of the book is naturally taken up with the Spanish Inquisition and its offshoots, the remainder being devoted to Portugal, India, and Italy. There is little variation in the details of the narrative in these different countries, but such as varieties of climate and national character will readily account for. The Spanish persecutions were of a more wholesale kind, from the immense number of Jews and Moors in the country, and the Holy Office was more long-lived and more powerful there than anywhere else. Under Torquemada alone more than 10,000 persons were burnt at the stake; not less than three millions of Jews and Moors were banished; and to this day Spain has never recovered the blighting influence of this horrible institution on her literature and her moral and material resources. It appears that an "Act of Faith" was solemnized in Mexico as late as 1815, and a Jew is said to have been burnt in Spain in 1826, under the "Tribunal of the Faith," which succeeded for awhile to the functions of the Holy Office; but of this there is no authentic record. In 1761 a Jesuit priest was burnt by the Inquisition of Lisbon. Indeed, the constant jealousy between the Jesuits and the Holy Office is one of the most remarkable incidents of its history. Yet the Jesuits certainly had no objection to the principle of the institution, and occasionally accepted office as inquisitors. As a rule, however, they preferred holding aloof from any direct connexion with so universally unpopular a tribunal. It is worth noting that its introduction even into Spain was made against the strenuous opposition of both clergy and laity, who, with all their zeal for Catholicism, never became reconciled to the secret and irresponsible judicature under whose baleful sway no man could call his soul his own. Bellarmine appears to have defended it by the singular argument that "the ministry of Peter is twofold, to feed and to kill," in reference to Acts x. 13. And a certain Brother Manuel, D.D., preaching in the Franciscan church at Saragossa, in 1671, on occasion of the publication of the annual edict for an Inquest, began by observing that on March the 1st Moses opened the Tabernacle and Aaron robed himself as High Priest, because on that day the Church of St. Francis would be opened for the delation of heretics, and Aaron was Inquisitor of the Law and is now represented by the Inquisition of Saragossa! The rest of the discourse, which is quoted in full, is according to this beginning, only getting rather sillier and profaner as it proceeds. There is a great deal of stray information of interest scattered through the volume, not always bearing very closely on its proper subject-matter, especially in the portion referring to Italy; but a history of the Inquisition Dr. Rule's book is not. We may observe that the common statement about no heretics being ever put to death at Rome is most abundantly disproved. From discoveries made in 1849, in the palace of the Roman Inquisition, it seems only too evident that secret judicial murders had up to that time been carried on within its walls; in earlier days public executions of heretics were common enough at Rome. There, as elsewhere, several of the saintliest and most orthodox of Roman Catholics have fallen under the terrible ban of the "inquisitors of heretical pravity," and not unfrequently have suffered death. In Spain St. Theresa, and others subsequently canonized, narrowly escaped the flames.

Perhaps the most instructive part of Dr. Rule's book—partly because it leaves the least scope for his own individuality of treatment—is contained in the three chapters describing the Laws and Customs of the Inquisition, drawn from the Directory of Eymerie, sanctioned by Pope Gregory XIII., and to the last substantially in force, together with the "Cartillo," or manual of rules, discovered in 1820 in the palace of the Inquisition at Seville. A more atrocious code, whether for its perfidy or its minute and cold-blooded cruelty, it would be difficult for the perverse ingenuity of fiends to excogitate. To read it is horrible enough; to think that for centuries it was systematically acted upon is still more so. With one specimen quotation, omitting the author's ejaculatory comments, we must conclude this notice. It illustrates the methods of extracting evidence from unwilling, often innocent, victims, and the inquisitorial standard of veracity:—

Or you may seem to relent, when the prisoner persists in his denial. Relax your severity. Give him better food. Send people to visit him; encourage him; advise him to confess; and promise that the Inquisitors will forgive him, or, at least, that they will interest themselves on his behalf. Indeed, you may promise him pardon, and you may pardon him in

effect; for, in the conversion of a heretic, all is pardoned, and penances are favours. So tell him that if he will confess, he shall have more than he could himself desire: and so he will; for you will save his soul. The doctors are not agreed as to this dissimulation, which is not allowed in civil courts: "But I," says Peña, "believe that it may be used in tribunals of the Inquisition, because an Inquisitor has far more ample powers than other judges, and may dispense with penitential and canonical punishments at his pleasure. So that, as he does not promise total impunity to the guilty when he says that he will pardon him, he can fulfil the promise of pardon by forgiving him some of the canonical penalties, which will depend entirely on himself." Still some doctors are not satisfied with this opinion; but the fraud is useful for the public good; and as it is lawful to extort the truth by torture, it must be lawful, reasoning *à fortiori*, to do it by dissimulation (*verbis fictis*). However, for greater security of conscience, you may employ vague terms, capable of a double interpretation.

Or you may gain over some friend of the prisoner, and let him talk with you frequently alone, and get the secret. If it be necessary, you may authorize the friend to feign himself of the same opinion, and even to prolong his conversation until it shall be too late at night for him to go home; and then he shall stay in prison, "having witnesses concealed in some convenient place, that they may hear the conversation, and, if possible, a clerk, who shall note down all that the criminal says, while the person you have bribed draws from him his most hidden thoughts." But the spy, although he may pretend to be also a heretic, must not say so in so many words; for that would be a lie; and sin is not to be committed on any account. In short, whatever tricks you allow, you must be careful not to sanction an untruth.

THE FLOWERY SCROLL.*

THE hero of the *Hwa tsien ki* makes a remark to the effect that "we ought not to grieve when beneath the moon nor in the presence of the flowers." To all who sympathise with this sentiment the perusal of the *Flowery Scroll* will be an uninterrupted delight. Throughout the volume we are in the midst of flowers—flowers red, flowers white, flowers bursting into bloom, and flowers fading into decay; while the moon, either full or horned, watery or bright, is ever shedding its rays over the landscape. In the tediousness of such repetitions the *Hwa tsien ki* surpasses the generality of works of its kind, but in all other respects it is a fair specimen of Chinese novels. Although in verse, it has none of the stiff vagueness common to Celestial poetry, but is written in an easy flowing style, a result attained in great measure by a free use of the license allowed to Chinese poets of interpolating one, two, three, or four characters in a line, without their presence being considered destructive to the rhythm. Chinese novels as a rule, and this one is no exception, bear a strong family likeness to Chinese pictures. There is a great want of perspective in the relation of events; matters of small importance often loom as large as affairs of moment, and striking *dénouements* frequently sink into insignificance to make way for descriptions of flowers or the moonlight. The colours also are laid on in thick patches; no light shades give softness to the picture or tone down the characters to the level of nature; the black is jet black, and the white is snow white. The heroes are always handsome and gay, winning the Emperor's notice by their scholarship and his rewards by their bravery; while the heroines are lovely as roses, with figures like willows, poetesses by nature and musicians by art, their conversation full of flowery expressions, and their chastity only equalled by their filial piety.

The *Hwa tsien ki* has already been twice translated, once by Mr. Thoms into English, and again by M. Schlegel into Dutch. It may appear to some persons a pity that Sir John Bowring, with the whole romantic literature of China before him, should have chosen to translate a work that has already twice appeared in European form; but Sir John seems to have had good reasons for preferring to follow in the footsteps of others rather than to break new ground for himself. A couple of years ago† we pointed out that what Sir John Bowring called a translation from the Hungarian of Petöfi looked exceedingly like a translation of the German version of that poet's works; we have now to call attention to the strange similarity which exists between Sir John's translation of the *Hwa tsien ki* and the Dutch version of that novel. In the preface to the present work he mentions both his English and his Dutch predecessors, and states that the latter has produced "an excellent translation." These words, however, convey but a faint idea of the appreciation in which he holds M. Schlegel's work; so good does he think it that, for the most part, he accepts it as the text, and freely translates from its pages. In some respects this is an advantage, for it secures to us a far more correct rendering of the original than we should have been likely to obtain had Sir John Bowring been left to his own resources. As long as he has followed close on the heels of M. Schlegel, he has avoided all serious blunders, merely stereotyping M. Schlegel's occasional mistakes and typographical errors; but when out of that comparatively safe keeping he strays so wide of the mark that we are constrained to believe that his knowledge of Chinese is, to say the least of it, superficial. At the outset, "The Flowery Scroll" is a false translation of *Hwa tsien ki*, the Chinese title. Had Sir John Bowring carefully read through the original text—which, from this and other strange mistakes, we are almost led to doubt his having done—he would have perceived that the work takes its title from the *Hwa tsien*, or flowery note-paper, on which the hero and

heroine write their odes and record their vows of devotion. "Tsien" can by no possibility be translated "scroll." The introduction, which he devotes to the description of flowery scrolls with reference to the title of the work, is therefore, although interesting, altogether beside the mark. M. Schlegel has rendered the title correctly by "Geschiedenis van het gebloemde Brief Papier"—the "history of the flowery note-paper."

The scene of the drama is laid in the neighbourhood of Soochow, a part of the country renowned for "fair women and brave men," and the story commences with an account of how Liang leaves his native district of Wukiang in the Prefecture of Soochow, to pursue his studies in the more learned and populous city of Changchow. Sir John Bowring ignores the fact of Liang's being a native of Wukiang, and boldly says, "There lived at Soochow a clever youth whose name was Liang," being probably unable to reconcile the expression "Canton"—which he elsewhere translates "province," and by which term M. Schlegel designates the district of Wukiang—with his knowledge of the geography of China. Further on in the work he overcomes such squeamishness, and renders M. Schlegel's "Er was ook een President van het Departement van Binnenlandsche zaken, Liou genaamd, die ook uit het Canton Oukiang geboortig was," by "There was also one of the Presidents of the Home Departments, Liu by name, who had been born in the same province of Wukiang." We should have thought this mistake impossible; "heen," a district, is such a well-known topographical division of the country, and a word in such constant use, that the veriest beginner in Chinese would be ashamed to misunderstand it. Liang arrives at Changchow, and is hospitably received by his aunt, the wife of General Yao—or, as Sir John Bowring calls her, Lady Yao (there being no authority in the Chinese text for this title, we presume Sir John means it for a translation of M. Schlegel's "mevrouw")—who furnishes him with a study, and introduces him to his cousin, her son. The worthy pair cemented their friendship over a repast, after which, on leaving the apartment, they, according to Sir John, "took one another by the hand, and danced round the enclosure. On one side was a rambling path, bordered by bamboos." They then entered the study, and placed themselves in the following extraordinary position:—"They sat down on their heels in the chair, lifted up their knees to their chins," &c. This is an entire misconception of the Chinese text, a literal translation of which would be as follows:—"The two youths took each other by the hand, and followed the windings of the wooden railing. On both sides of the winding path grew small bamboos. . . . The two youths embraced their knees," &c. The source from which Sir John derives his idea of their proceedings will be obvious to our readers when we give a literal rendering of the parallel passage in M. Schlegel's translation:—"The two students took each other by the hand and ran round inside the enclosure. On both sides ran a winding path planted with young bamboos." While enjoying a moonlight ramble in his aunt's garden our hero discovered a pair of young ladies playing at chess in the "Peony Pavilion." This last phrase Sir John renders by "a tub with peonies"—why or wherefore he only knows, neither the Chinese "ting" nor the Dutch "koepel" being capable of such a meaning. Perhaps M. Schlegel's note, "Koepel met Pionia mutans potten," has misled him. The beauty of one of the ladies was such that at first Liang stood aghast, but recovering his courage, "he arranged his dress and advanced to join the lovely ladies." At sight of him they threw down their chessmen and fled; a degree of modesty which may by some be considered absurd, but which the least prudish will acknowledge to have been justified if, as according to Sir John and Sir John alone, "his presumption broke all bounds. He flung off his outer garments, and sprang forward to salute the ladies."

From this time Liang finds himself hopelessly in love, and repairs to his room to dream of the "beautiful young lady." On the following morning he relates his adventures to his aunt, and makes inquiries concerning the object of his affections. His aunt informs him that the young lady to whom he refers is her niece, who has come to congratulate her on her birthday, than whom a more lovely, fascinating, and accomplished creature is not to be found in the Empire. Her words only add fuel to the flames of Liang's love, and, on hearing that she has returned home, he discovers her father's abode, and purchases the adjoining house with a garden, which he proceeds to lay out in the most approved style of Chinese landscape-gardening. Here we will draw the reader's attention to a strange coincidence of expression between Sir John's version and that of M. Schlegel. In speaking of the alteration to be effected in our hero's grounds, and in the following page, the author uses the character "tang," a hall, four times. This character Sir John translates first by "bank," then by "hall," thirdly by "library," and lastly by "saloon." Struck by the diversity of these renderings we turn to M. Schlegel, and there in the parallel passages we find he uses the expressions "plaats," "zaal," "bibliotheek," and "salon." Such identity of terms speaks for itself, it being understood that Sir John has probably mistaken *plaats* for *plant*. Having established himself in his new abode, Liang calls on General Yang, his neighbour, and father of his beloved, by whom he is well received, and who invites him to write an ode in answer to one written and pasted on the wall by his daughter Yao-sien. Liang consents, and writes on a sheet of *Hwa tsien*, or flowery note-paper, a reply which excites the admiration of the General, who instantly pastes it on the wall beside the ode of his daughter. Our hero takes his leave, having secured

* *Hwa tsien ki. The Flowery Scroll. A Chinese Novel. Translated and Illustrated with Notes by Sir John Bowring, LL.D., F.R.S.; late H.B.M. Plenipotentiary in China; President of the Chinese Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society; Phra Maha Yesa of Siam, &c. &c. London: Allen & Co. 1862.*

† See *Saturday Review* of December 29, 1866.

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two sheets of the Hwa tsien, on which he and Yao-sien afterwards record, their mutual vows of fidelity. Liang becomes intimate with the General and his family; his love for Yao-sien is confirmed and duly reciprocated; but, fearful of expressing it to the lady in person, he makes a confidante of her maid Yun-hiang, who, while in search of flowers for her mistress, comes upon a "winding-path" which leads her to a door of communication between the gardens of the General and Liang. We would here mention a curious translation by Sir John of the word "keüh," winding, when describing our hero's ramble in his aunt's garden. Sir John there says, "he came upon a slippery path," while in the present instance he has translated the same characters by "winding-path." We cannot help suspecting that he has in this case also been influenced by M. Schlegel, who has rendered the same words in the one passage by "slingerend pad" and in the other by "kronkelend pad." The maid meets Liang, who pours into her sympathizing bosom the tale of his love. By her intervention a meeting in the early morning is brought about between the lovers, when avowals of mutual attachment are interchanged. The interview is suddenly brought to a close by their discovering "the sunbeams shining on the rose-stand"—i.e. that the day was advancing. By a curious chance the characters signifying rose are translated by Sir John Browning in this passage by "white camellias," and by M. Schlegel by "witte Camelia's"; whereas at p. 24 the same characters are translated by the former "rose," and the latter "roos." The course of true love runs no smoother in China than in other parts of the world, and our lovers are reduced to the verge of despair by the news that General Yang is summoned to Peking, and that Liang's parents have chosen him a bride. So deeply is Yao-sien wounded by these tidings, that she discards her silken dresses, throws away her rouge-pots, smashes her looking-glass, burns her silken threads, and breaks her golden needles. Here Sir John makes the following emendation. He translates "Yao kin chin," "break my golden needle," by "she broke her golden nails," and gravely adds a note describing the practice common amongst Chinese ladies of allowing their nails to grow to an inordinate length, and their habit, as a last act of despair, of breaking them off short. We should not have believed such a mistake possible; no two characters could be more unlike than those signifying "nails" and "needles," and we can only attribute the mistake to an imperfect knowledge of Dutch having led Sir John to misunderstand "naalden," the word by which M. Schlegel correctly translates the Chinese "chin," needles. We will only refer our readers to one more error into which Sir John has fallen by too blindly following M. Schlegel's text, and we will then take our leave of the worthy Sinologue. In advocating Liang's cause with her mistress, the maid holds up as a warning the fate of several ladies of antiquity, amongst others that of "Yang-fei, who suffered from remorse on Mount Ma-kwei." By a slip of the pen M. Schlegel misspells these names, and writes "of evenals de maitresse Yang-koui, die op den berg Ma-wou haren spijt bedolf." Sir John with touching faith follows suit, and tells us "not less was the doom of Yang-kui, who perished in her wretchedness on the Ma-wu mountain."

As a translation from the Chinese, the *Flowery Scroll* is worse than valueless; as a translation from the Dutch it is imperfect. Many of M. Schlegel's notes Sir John has translated literally without the slightest acknowledgment, and, while he has avoided many of M. Schlegel's excellences, he has freely adopted his faults. As a consequence his book abounds with contradictions, unconnected sentences, and misstatements. "So may such ill-got gains ever prosper."

To follow the story to its close, on his arrival at Peking General Yang is ordered to the frontier to suppress a rebellion; he is, however, defeated and surrounded by the insurgents. On the news reaching the capital, Liang, who has in the meantime risen to high literary fame, starts to his rescue, defeats the rebels, and brings the General back to Peking in triumph. To reward his services the Emperor orders his immediate marriage with Yao-sien, which is accordingly solemnized with a splendour befitting the occasion. Meanwhile the young lady to whom his parents had engaged our hero, on receiving a false report of his death by the hands of the rebels, attempts suicide, but is saved to hear that Liang is alive and triumphant. On his marriage with Yao-sien becoming known, her case is represented to the Emperor, who settles the difficulty by ordering Liang to marry her also, and, as a strange end to a strange story, the three live happily together.

COLONEL CHESNEY'S WATERLOO LECTURES.*

THE short duration of the Waterloo campaign, the simplicity of its strategy, and the decisive nature of its results, have caused its history to be adopted at the Staff College as a rudimentary lesson in the study of military art. Colonel Chesney, who, until promoted to a superior rank, was the Professor of this subject at that Institution, has published to the world the lectures which he there delivered to the students. In their compilation he has consulted all the authorities on the subject, French, German, and English, and has produced a work of great value to the future historian and to the general reader. The work is extremely

valuable, but as it bears everywhere the impress of the naked truth, it is intensely unflattering to the national vanity of both French and English. Romantic stories concerning the campaign, which have hitherto passed current with all the air of military authority, are ruthlessly dissected, the one-sided praise which has been indiscriminately heaped on Napoleon and Wellington by their own admirers is considerably modified, and the real importance of the Prussian intervention in the final action is fairly and honestly shown. Even well-informed Englishmen have been long accustomed to regard the campaign and battle of Waterloo as a trial of strength between the French and English armies, in which the latter was brilliantly successful, and was aided only in the very last few moments of the battle, and in the pursuit of the defeated enemy, by the soldiers of Blücher. The publication of the posthumous work of Sir J. Shaw Kennedy did something to shake this popular delusion, but still the idea is generally held, perhaps not quite with the assurance of faith, but still with all the obstinacy of superstition. Colonel Chesney has done a good service in completing the work of Sir J. Shaw Kennedy. He points out that, while histories of the battle written by Englishmen abound with such phrases as, "When night approached, the heads of the Prussian columns were seen advancing to share in the combat," or "The Prussians, who were comparatively fresh, continued the pursuit," in truth Blücher was on the ground at half-past four (the battle only began at half-past twelve), was hotly engaged with Napoleon's reserves three hours before dark, had brought 50,000 men into action at the time of Wellington's grand charge, which in England is often supposed alone to have won the battle, and lost 7,000 killed and wounded in the action. But it is not only the eccentricities of English accounts which Colonel Chesney exposes; as he truly remarks, "French historians in their accounts sin not merely by omission, but by wilful repetition of error from book to book, long after the truth has been given to the world." In the French accounts of the Waterloo campaign, which are almost all apologies for defeat, it is only natural that these errors should abound. They have for the most part been frequently denounced, but have seldom been so coolly taken to pieces and placed aside as in the elaborate and incisive criticisms, and calm comparisons of testimony, to which Colonel Chesney exposes them. It is a great advantage that he has done so for our students of military history. Englishmen as a rule are very deficient in knowledge of foreign tongues. French is almost the only Continental language with which the majority of our officers are acquainted. As a consequence, French military histories, which are nearly always fallacious, have been followed almost implicitly as guides to the investigations of any campaigns except those in which British troops have borne a share, while the more accurate and careful histories in German have been regarded almost as sealed books. Where British troops have been engaged, our national vanity and insular self-conceit have generally led us to follow servilely any account which might be hastily published to exhibit to an admiring country the glorious actions of its heroes.

In the Waterloo campaign the pictorial incidents of the concluding action have been so much dwelt upon that the strategy which led up to the final event has been almost disregarded. Colonel Chesney has devoted his lectures almost entirely to the strategical operations, and has only cast a passing glance upon the less important tactical evolutions. In justification of this course he truly says:—

Never in the whole of military history was the tactical value of the troops more entirely subordinate to the strategical operations. He knows not what the battle of Waterloo was who views it in merely the shock of two great armies, English and French, continued through a fierce day's fighting, until the superior endurance of the British line shatters, and finally overthrows, their exhausted enemy. The eye that sees this in it and sees no more, forgetful of the long columns toiling through deep muddy lanes on the French flank, the sturdy legions of North Germans, with clenched teeth and straining limbs, forcing their guns through mire and over obstructions, the fierce old chieftain who is seen wherever his encouragement is needed, and everywhere is greeted as their "father" by those he urges on, the cool and disciplined staff who are preparing to make the most decisive use of the coming masses in the assault on their hated enemy, does not only monstrous injustice to Blücher and his army, but robs Wellington of his due. For Wellington regarded not the matter thus. He knew and looked for the approaching army of his ally as part of the fight; he watched from early afternoon the lessening pressure which told that Napoleon was forced to draw away his reserves from the main battle; above all, he had prepared in concert with the old Prince Marshal this fatal stroke of war, and not to understand or ignore this is to miss the real design with which the fight was joined.

When Napoleon returned from Elba, he found the French army reduced in numbers, but he was able to collect 198,000 available soldiers by the time of the opening of the campaign. These were not conscripts such as had fought in the wars of 1813 and 1814; they were veterans who at the peace had been returned from foreign prisons, and were animated by a deep hatred of the nations by whom they had been confined. Of these 198,000 men he was able to place about 128,000 on the Belgian frontier, whence from the cover of his fortresses he intended to fall suddenly by the 15th of June on the British and Prussian armies which occupied Belgium. These were not, however, Napoleon's only enemies or possible antagonists. An Austrian army under the Archduke Charles was being collected on the Rhine, another Austrian army, set free by the death of Murat, was preparing to cross the Alps, and from the side of Italy force the war into France. The Spaniards were preparing an invasion behind the shelter of the Pyrenees, while Russia was assembling over 200,000 men to

* *Waterloo Lectures: a Study of the Campaign of 1815.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles C. Chesney, R.E., late Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

support the Austrians on the Rhine. None were so near or so well prepared as the British and the Prussians; the former held a heterogeneous mass of 106,000 men, the latter 117,000 in Belgium. Napoleon hoped to fall upon these, and defeat and scatter them before their allies could arrive to their assistance. On the 13th and 14th of June Napoleon concentrated his forces near the Belgian frontier and prepared to cross at daybreak on the 15th. Intelligence of his concentration reached the Allied headquarters on the 14th. Blücher issued orders for a general concentration of his troops towards the road which leads from the frontier by Ligny to Brussels. Wellington, fearful of a ruse, and expecting that he might be attacked on the right to cut him off from his communications with the sea, did not alter his position until the enemy more exposed his intentions.

On the 15th Napoleon passed the greater bulk of his army across the Sambre, but failed, by want of proper arrangements for their passage, to get all his troops on the northern bank by that evening. He began his movements along the two roads which lead, the one by Bry, the other by Quatre Bras, to Brussels. Along the former he pushed back the Prussian outposts as far as Fleurus. Blücher urged his corps to concentrate in the direction of Fleurus, and that evening had one corps on the ground where he intended to fight, and two more near it. Wellington ordered a concentration near Mont St. Jean, which would have allowed Ney to occupy the important strategic point of Quatre Bras; but Ney, who commanded Napoleon's column of the left, halted at Frasnes without pushing forward. On the 16th Napoleon, instead of pushing on boldly by both roads, allowed seven hours of daylight to pass without action, during which three-fourths of the Prussian army were collected to oppose him at Ligny. No orders were given to Ney to push on to Quatre Bras until so late that a sufficient force was assembled there by Wellington to repulse his attack and drive him back on Frasnes. Napoleon attacked Blücher at Ligny, and defeated him; but the battle was decided so late that the pursuit could not be followed up that night. A great error was made on the French side, by which the corps of D'Erlon, which could have turned the scale of early victory for either Ney or Napoleon, was kept wandering about between the two, and not brought into serious action at all during the day.

On the morning of the 17th, Napoleon, instead of pursuing the Prussians hotly and forcing them away from the British, spent the morning in reviewing his troops. It was not till late in the afternoon that he despatched Grouchy to follow them, and then was under the impression that they had retreated to Liege instead of along the line which Blücher had actually adopted to Wavre. This movement of Blücher's was one which has never been equalled, and it was not at all unnatural to suppose that Napoleon should have been deceived by it. Colonel Chesney omits to notice that Blücher, in order to remain near his ally, and in order to bear him aid in the attack upon him which was now imminent, sacrificed his direct line of communications with the base of his operations through Namur, and cast himself, with a beaten army, in very wet weather, into a country devoid of good roads, encumbered with watercourses and marshes. This movement of Blücher's decided the campaign. It was hazardous, no doubt—so hazardous that Napoleon did not imagine it would be attempted; if it had miscarried it would have been loudly condemned; but it proved right, as most hazardous movements do in war, where, as a rule, much more is lost by timidity than by temerity. We have never seen, in any account of the campaign, sufficient importance attributed to Blücher's choice of his line of retreat. The defeat of Blücher at Ligny severed his communication with Wellington, to whom the position of Quatre Bras was now no longer of importance, as its advantage was to cover the road which communicated between the two armies. Wellington, on the 17th, accordingly retreated towards Brussels to a point where he could cover the town, and sent to Blücher to say that he would stand to fight at Waterloo provided the Prussians could help him by detaching two corps against the flank of his assailant. Blücher replied that he would come to help the British, not only with two corps but with his whole army. Napoleon, on the night of the 17th, took up a position in front of Wellington's line at Waterloo. On the morning of the 18th, instead of attacking the British position at the first blush of day, in order to defeat Wellington before the Prussians could help him, he waited till after midday. The attack was sustained with difficulty for some hours, but about half-past four the Prussian columns appeared on the French flank. Blücher, leaving a detachment to hold Grouchy in check, had arrived. The Prussians pressed on, and took the pressure off the wearied British. After a time Wellington was able to advance, and the French began to retreat. The retreat was quickly turned into a rout, mainly by the effect of the Prussian artillery, which had gained a position whence it commanded the road to the Sambre, and smote mercilessly on the flank of the retreating columns. This was the culminating triumph of the strategy of the Waterloo campaign; and the triumph was, if not mainly due to Blücher, certainly due to him equally with Wellington.

Colonel Chesney has shown this, and the array of evidence and research which he displays will fully bear out his demonstration. He has demolished many theories and many traditions, both French and English. But he has conscientiously and impartially performed his duty. If any exception could be taken to

the *Waterloo Lectures*, it might be that the criticism is almost too elaborate, and the judicial investigation of evidence too deep, for any audience to which lectures could be addressed; still, he had disputed ground to travel over, and he has certainly striven successfully to present every detail clearly and truthfully. The Staff College may certainly be congratulated that such honest inquirers and brilliant writers as Colonel Chesney and his predecessor, Colonel Hamley, have filled its chair of history, and pointed out the line for their successors to pursue.

SPORTING ADVENTURES.*

THAT part of Mr. Faulkner's book which relates to the search for Dr. Livingstone we may dismiss very briefly. When it was decided to send an expedition to South-East Africa for the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the story of Livingstone's death, and of taking such subsequent steps as might under the circumstances be necessary, Mr. Faulkner applied for the command. Fortunately, as we think, for the interests of the expedition, his obliging offer could not be accepted, Mr. Young having been already chosen as the leader. Mr. Faulkner thereupon proposed to accompany the party as a volunteer, and, perhaps not so fortunately, was permitted to do so—the organizers of the expedition not being aware that his idea of a volunteer was that of a person who volunteers advice to his commander, and gets into "anything but a sweet temper" when it is not taken. We should have thought that a gentleman who had had the honour of holding Her Majesty's commission in the army would have sufficiently understood that the first duty of a subordinate was to give not only an implicit but a cheerful obedience to his superior officer, whoever that superior might happen to be. But Mr. Faulkner seems to have been profoundly impressed with the conviction that it was not according to the eternal fitness of things that an ex-lieutenant of Lancers should be ordered about by a gunner in the Royal Navy. Though he never broke into open mutiny, he takes care to let us know that he snubbed his unlucky leader from morning to night. In all that he said to Mr. Young and all that he writes of Mr. Young, he shows supreme contempt for his arrangements, and sublime pity for his ignorance. Mr. Young leaves a party of natives in charge of some boats. "I ventured to suggest that as we knew them we should stick to them; but Mr. Young would not hear of it. This he subsequently regretted." Mr. Young distributes a few presents. "This proceeding was quite contrary to my ideas, and, as I fancied would be the case, had the effect of making these men think too much of themselves." Mr. Young settles a quarrel about some native women. "I always deem it the most admirable plan, among savages who don't know the difference between right and wrong, to allow them to arrange their own quarrels, especially when in connexion with their women." Mr. Young humours the Makololos. "I became disgusted with the Makololos in a short time. . . . As Mr. Young was afraid of losing them by pitching into them, they were permitted to do just as they chose. I, being forbidden to speak to them, could hardly stand it." Mr. Young anchors for the night after little progress had been made. "As far as my feelings went, thorough disgust was the most predominant sensation I experienced." And so on throughout the work. Moreover, apart from Mr. Faulkner's complacent confidence in his own superior capabilities to manage the expedition, there was another cause that too often embittered him against his leader. The two men had not entirely identical objects in view. Mr. Young went out to find traces of Dr. Livingstone; Mr. Faulkner went out to find traces of Dr. Livingstone and also to shoot big game. Any interference with his sporting arrangements he resented angrily, and a refusal to stop the whole expedition for a day in order that elephants' tusks or koodoo's heads might be brought in from the country he took as a personal affront to himself. For example, the Makololos had omitted to bring into camp the heads and horns of some buffaloes shot by Mr. Faulkner:—

I was more disgusted than ever with them, and felt inclined to hand their meat over to the alligators; but as Mr. Young allows no one but himself to rebuke a Makololo, I was obliged to take no notice; and as he is not much given to sport, and therefore incapable of understanding a sportsman's feelings under such circumstances, he took no notice either. I am sorry to say I turned in for the night in anything but a sweet temper.

Again, the party were ordered to start early in the morning, a guide having been secured who was about to conduct them to an important point of their journey. Mr. Faulkner asked for a day's delay, that he might shoot elephants. The application was refused. He then reduced his terms, and asked for half a day in order to fetch some koodoo skins; but this application was also refused. Thereupon he comments:—"I discovered on this occasion that a man who is not a sportsman himself must not be expected to sympathize with lovers of the chase; and I must confess I retired to rest a little, if not very much, annoyed." Surely we have some reason for thinking that it was as well that Mr. Faulkner was not placed at the head of the expedition. Had the spoor of elephant pointed to the southward, and the traces of

* *Elephant Hunts: being a Sportsman's Narrative of the Search for Doctor Livingstone, with Scenes of Elephant, Buffalo, and Hippopotamus Hunting.* By Henry Faulkner, late 17th Lancers. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.

Adventures on the Great Hunting-Grounds of the World. By Victor Meunier. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

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Mr. Faul pulled alm range of w were fairl second la was, the stock of l for dange a trusty v adventur to us as Traveller do often Mr. Faul studies th sure mar memory detailed recomme pursuit killing a than Mr. we hope assistant from the

Dr. Livingstone to the northward, who will venture to say in which direction he would have travelled?

We turn with pleasure from Mr. Faulkner the aggrieved and grumbling volunteer to Mr. Faulkner the accomplished sportsman. Epitaphical as ever, he has some claim to chuckle complacently at his prowess with his pet Rigby rifles; but it was unnecessary to heighten the effect of his own successes by detailing the failures of his companions, and it would have been more charitable not to have informed us that his leader was in the habit of firing at the tail of the elephant, under the impression that it was his most vulnerable point. What we especially admire in Mr. Faulkner as a sportsman is that he never wounded his game, but forbore to fire till he was certain to kill. To accomplish this he spared himself no labour and shrank from no risks. In elephant shooting, particularly, he had sufficient respect for his splendid game to deter him from inflicting any unnecessary suffering. Knowing well that it is quite possible to drop an elephant with a single ball properly planted, and having perfect confidence in his weapons and his nerves, it was his practice to stalk them, at no matter what expense of time and of labour, till he had got so close—within a few yards, and in a favourable position also—that he might stake all on a single shot. On one occasion, for instance, after a long and weary pursuit, he had fairly come up with his game:—

I was standing within twenty yards of them, and could see the backs of many through the reeds, when one of their number turned sharply round, and approached us quietly with his trunk up. In an instant I was flat on the ground. . . . On came the elephant, his trunk still up, and feeling about. I knew it was useless to fire; and I could not imagine what was going to happen. It would not do to let him walk quietly over us, and still to fire at him then would be without any hopes of success, with the almost certainty of being followed by a charge, which I did not particularly care about in this kind of jungle, where one could scarcely move. However, while I spent a second or two looking at both sides of the question, the elephant pulled up, standing straight on to me, not more than eight yards off, every now and then feeling about with his trunk, and then letting it hang. I was lying flat on the ground, and though I might have fired at him, I could not have killed him, as I should either have shot into the solid bone between the base of the tusks, or else into the forehead; the latter would necessarily pass far above the brain at that angle. I thought of waiting, in the hope that he would turn, and offer a temple shot, but doubted that would prove effectual from where I was. Seeing there was but one thing for it, I jumped to my feet. As I did so, the monster threw back his huge ears, but ere he had time to move a limb the right barrel of the gun-tickler had penetrated his brain through the forehead, and he fell to rise no more.

Such a system, however, could not fail to be attended with great danger, for if you get within eight yards of an elephant and fail to kill him at once, a charge is the inevitable result, and escape is impossible. Mr. Faulkner had an experience of this kind. After a toilsome stalk, he had crept stealthily through some long grass into the very centre of a herd of elephants, followed only by one faithful attendant. Slowly raising his head, he saw two elephants on his right, about fourteen yards off, two straight in front about fifteen yards off, and a fifth on his left, within twelve yards, and with its back towards him. This was a nervous position for a single sportsman with only two guns, particularly as he wanted three things—meat for his men, ivory for himself, and means of retreat in case of accidents. We shall see how he got through the difficulty:—

Raising myself quickly to my full height, I dropped the elephant on my extreme right with the temple shot, and the second barrel played a similar game with the one next him. In an instant the faithful Moloka thrust the gun-tickler into my hands. At that moment the elephant on my extreme left, thunderstruck at the sudden rump, turned round to see what was the cause of it. The gun-tickler roared, and the huge beast fell, shot in the brain through the forehead, a little below the level of the ear. Moving, as I lowered the gun, to get clear of the smoke from such a large charge, which hung in the still atmosphere, I perceived one of the two elephants which I knew were in front of me in full charge with coiled trunk. I knew I had but one shot left, and I determined to let him get close before firing. However, I overshot the mark a little, for, as I fired, having aimed at the forehead, straight for the brain, I was suddenly sent head over heels, and the gun flew from my hands. For a moment I fancied all was up, but as soon as I could recover myself I sat up, and saw the monster prostrate within a couple of yards of me, his tusks buried deep in the soil.

Mr. Faulkner had let him come so close that the trigger was pulled almost as the elephant had reached him, for he found the gauge of his rifle stamped on his forehead, and the hair and skin were fairly cut against the muzzle by the force of the blow. A second later and he must have been killed to a certainty. As it was, the breath was pretty well knocked out of his body, and the stock of his favourite gun was smashed in two. The same contempt for danger, and the same trust in a strong arm, steady nerves, and a trusty weapon, are displayed throughout Mr. Faulkner's sporting adventures, the record of which, we may add, recommends itself to us as trustworthy from its consistency and particularity. Travellers, we know, do tell us strange things, and mighty hunters do often draw the long bow when they recount their feats; but Mr. Faulkner appears to us to be a scientific sportsman who studies the direction and effect of every shot he fires; and being a sure marksman, if he did make a miss, it would so dwell in his memory that we are satisfied that he would furnish us with a detailed explanation of the why and the wherefore. We can fairly recommend this book to those whose tastes incline them to the pursuit of big game, and who want to know the proper way of killing an African elephant. They can have no better Mentor than Mr. Faulkner; but when next that gentleman goes a-hunting, we hope he will go on his own account, and not as a professed assistant to an expedition undertaken for objects wholly distinct from the sport which he loves so well.

M. Victor Meunier's volume is quite of another sort. It is a compilation of anecdotes, some new, some very old, some true, some very apocryphal, about bears and lions and tigers and crocodiles and gorillas, and is well adapted for schoolboys. The illustrations are large and conspicuous, and the animals are represented with very glaring eyes and awful teeth. This is as it should be for children, who delight in having the ferocity of wild beasts fully brought out in their prints and pictures. M. Victor Meunier has catered well for his young friends in this respect, and the most truculent tyrant of the nursery or the schoolroom will be satisfied with the frontispiece, representing a fight between a cayman and a jaguar, and the picture at p. 24 of a native being ripped up by a gorilla. But what on earth was the translator thinking of when he stuffed in a long account of H.R.H. Prince Alfred's chase of the elephant in South Africa? He might as well have included a history of a *battue* at Bradgate among adventures on great hunting grounds. It is a pity that it was thought necessary to interpolate this tribute to British flunkeyism into the translation of a book that was otherwise complete and sufficiently well adapted to its purpose.

HERD'S HISTORY OF FOUR KINGS OF ENGLAND.*

IF little light is thrown on the annals of the Yorkist kings, and of the founder of the Tudor dynasty, by the manuscript rhythmical chronicle recently published for the Roxburgh Club, it at any rate furnishes a curious and amusing view of the events which took place in the half-century between the battle of Wakefield and the death of Henry VII., as seen through the medium of a pair of Tudorian spectacles. The rehabilitators of Crook-backed Richard will find no colour in it for "historic doubts"; those who would fain regard the popular Harry Richmond before Bosworth field as the same hero to the end of his life's chapter will not here be mortified by finding him sink, as veritable histories make him, into a miserly schemer after he felt the crown firm around his brows. John Herd, the author, was born in the reign of the second Tudor king, and died in the days of Queen Bess, in the year of the Spanish Armada. A doctor of medicine, he seems, like Dr. Wolcot in the days of the Georges, to have found literature and theology square with his first profession; for, whether ordained or not, he held prebendal stalls at Lincoln and York, and wrote a poem on the death of Bucer, and a "catechism in verse for young people," besides the metrical history before us. This seems to have been finished in 1562, the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign, and as it was dedicated to her Minister, Cecil, and professedly written for the enlightenment of his sons in matters of history and statesmanship, it is easy to divine the line its author would take in detailing the events of a momentous half-century. One may be allowed to infer, from its never having been printed until now, that, despite its careful trimming, Cecil saw little value in it as a text-book. So one-sided a production could hardly have aided the manufacture of statesmen *in posse*. One very imperfect and garbled copy is preserved in the British Museum; the only other extant copy of the MS.—the much fairer copy in fact from which the text of the present volume is printed—was discovered some years since by Sir Thomas Winnington in the same "haunted chamber" at Stanford Court whence also was unearthed "The Roll of the Household Expenses of Bishop Swinfield," published by the Camden Society fourteen years ago. Had these too disappeared, English history would not have suffered appreciably; indeed, even the painstaking editor, Mr. Purnell, admits in his introduction that the sole value of the metrical history lies in its furnishing "the view entertained by a succeeding generation" of the events narrated. "In these pages," he writes, "we have represented the story of that half-century of hate which closed at Bosworth field; not as it really was transacted, but the story as it had impressed itself on the England of Elizabeth, as it was conceived of by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, and as it was transmitted by them to their immediate successors."

There is no great grasp of subject then, no masterly insight into causes and motives, not even any great originality of versification or poetic skill, to be looked for in this "*Historia quatuor regum*." It is simply a quaint reiteration of a journey over a beaten track in a vehicle somewhat rusty and jolting as compared with the springy elasticity of the Latin hexameter which it apes. As far as one can judge, Herd made Polydore Virgil his chief banker to draw upon. The coincidences between the prose narrative of the one and the hexameters of the other betoken something much closer than the mere approximations of memory. One instance of this is the account which each gives of the motive of Edward IV. in leading Henry VI., his captive, with him to the battle of Barnet. Herd writes:—

Ducit et Henricum, finem fortassis ad istum,
Ut regem quando captivum cerneret hostis,
Omnino positus esset deteritatus armis;
Aut si adversa forent bellorum fata suorum
Servari posset, quia captivo ante pepercit.

Over against this set we Polydore Virgil. "Ducebat socum Henricum captum, eo fortasse consilio, ut adversarii videntes in prelio regem suum captum detererentur; aut si ei fortuna belli adversa foret, per eum servari posset." The poet follows the prose—

* *Historia quatuor regum Anglie Heroico carmine conclusa, auctore Joanne Herdo medico, nunc primum edita Thomas Purnell. In usum Societatis Roxburgensis. Londini: J. B. Nichols et Fil. 1868.*

writer almost verbatim, as he does in his obituary character of Henry VI. (p. 45), and as he does also in the anecdote illustrative of Edward IV.'s remorse for his brother Clarence's death, recurring whenever an appeal was made to him to remit to any criminal the punishment of death. "My brother," both make Edward say, "had none to intercede for him." Both notice the popular belief as to the manner of Clarence's death, though each resorts to a different synonym for Malmsey wine. Herd writes—

Et aiunt

Vina cado quo condita erant Arvisia mersum.

Polydore Virgil says, "Extinctus est, ut aiunt, in dolio vini cretici." Perhaps the unmanageableness of verse prevented Herd from attributing Edward's murder of his brother Clarence to the jealousy arising out of a prophecy that his successor's name should begin with a "G"—a prophecy not frustrated by Clarence's death, for, though "George" was thus removed, Gloster survived. This incident, it will be remembered, is seized upon by Shakespeare (*Richard III.* act i. sc. i.).

But these coincidences are not limited to fact. They extend to sympathies and antipathies. Both delight to blacken Richard, as to his body and his heart; both manifest undue toleration to the selfish and licentious Edward IV.; neither can see aught save wisdom, justice, and mercy in Henry VII. But Polydore Virgil is not the sole storehouse to which Herd had and used the key. There are close coincidences betwixt him and Sir Thomas More as to the scene at the Council Board in the Tower where the Protector consummated the destruction of Hastings. Both repeat as Shakespeare does (*Richard III.* act iii. sc. iv.) the incident about Bishop Morton's strawberries. Of the withered arm which Richard bared, Sir Thomas More says that it appeared "as it were never other"; and our poet sings—

Brachia nuda

Naturâ macilentâ suâ, non carmine Circes.

"Circe" of course was Jane Shore, and where More says, "The Protector sent into the house of Shore's wife, for she dwelt not with her husband," Herd's chronicle runs—

Tunc sponsæ Shori misit Protector ad aedes,

Sponsus enim Shori (Shore?) se longè junxit ab illâ.

On Stanley's warning to Hastings, the night before his death, to beware of the Boar, Richard's badge (another incident which Shakespeare has pressed into his drama, act iii. sc. ii.), Herd dilates after his fashion in p. 84-85, and in his character of Richard he gives much the same account of the birth of that royal enigma as Shakespeare does in a memorable passage:—

Fama refert illum sine tristi vulnere matrem
Non peperisse, quod ex utero veniebat in orbem
Exertis primum pedibus, funus velut atrum
Effertur: narrat etiam (si credere fas est.)
Quod dentatus erat, quando prodibat ab alvo.

A fair balancing of authorities would result, we suspect, in discredit to Herd's testimony on these points. If Walpole's historic doubts do not wholly remove the hump, they at least establish for Richard a claim to good looks little inferior to that of his notoriously handsome brother, Edward.

But Herd, as we started by saying, saw through Tudor glasses. In dozens of passages his bias leads him into statements wide of the fact. Always willing to believe the worst of Richard, he ascribes Buckingham's revolt to his failure to get the De Bohun estates granted him by that monarch (p. 107). Yet, though Polydore Virgil endorses this statement, the truth is that Buckingham actually had obtained from Richard the full possession of those very estates, whereas his predecessor, Edward IV., had kept them in his own hands. Herd, again, makes out that Richard III.'s notable scheme of marrying his niece Elizabeth (afterwards Queen to Henry VII.)—who was, like her mother, thoroughly timeserving and unscrupulous—miscarried, in part owing to her religious scruples:—

Ast hoc conjugium virgo quod abhorruit ipsa,
Et fœdum proceres incestum ferre nequibant,
Distulit ad tempus rex.

Yet other authorities tell of her complaining to Howard, Duke of Norfolk, that the dying Queen Anne did not sooner make way for her, and anticipating that royal lady's decease by appearing at Court in queenly robes. Our author shows the same bias, when in p. 141 he imputes to Margaret of Burgundy a knowledge that Lambert Simnel was an impostor, and not her nephew the Earl of Warwick, though manifestly, with the sea between her and her native country, she might be excused in giving credence to what convinced some on Simnel's own side of the water. As to Perkin Warbeck or Richard of York, Herd reiterates the current Tudor account of his origin and antecedents, although this is assuming what to this day is not proven, that he was an impostor. But the crowning instance of his implicit belief in the Tudor star is where, in summing up Henry VII.'s character, he shuts his eyes to that monarch's avarice, shown in his executing Sir W. Stanley, to whose family he owed everything, not because he was a rebel, but because, in Bacon's words, "he was the richest subject for value in the kingdom"; and in his raising the siege of Boulogne for a consideration from the enemy; and where—borrowing the saying of Tiberius, which comes from a fable of Æsop, and is preserved by Suetonius—he imputes it as high praise to the first Tudor king, that

Lanigeras pœcudes, pastoris more fidelis,
Tondebat, sed nullas deglubebat avarus.

A candid reader of even Herd's history, without access to other

authorities, would, we take it, arrive at the conclusion that whereas the Yorkist kings were a trifle prodigal of the lives of friend and foe, they were withal free and open-handed. Henry VII.'s way with rebels and enemies may be summed up in Herd's unwittingly characteristic verse—

Rex fugitivorum gazas confiscat et agros;

and the agrarian riots at various periods of his reign tend to show that he did not confine this mode of treatment to his foes only.

There is not much, therefore, to bespeak implicit faith for Herd's matter. His manner, though fairly amusing, is curiously pedantic and pseudo-classical. Like Thucydides and Tacitus, he puts into his chief actors' mouths such speeches as they might have delivered or ought to have delivered. But, unlike his great exemplars, he credits his personages with a familiarity with sacred and profane story more imposing than probable, and this is constantly on the speaker's lips, be he who he may, in season as well as out of season. In haranguing his soldiers before the fight at Bosworth, Harry Richmond is made to cite Gideon and Jonathan as precedents for the few wresting a victory from the many (p. 130). The first thing Richard III. is represented as doing after his coronation (p. 101) is to go to Westminster Hall and quote Jethro's advice to his son-in-law Moses as a precedent for his delegating to the Judges his own judicial prerogative; not, adds Herd, that his acts squared with his words, for he went thence to the Tower to make arrangements for the murder of his nephews. It is odder still to see how mythology is dragged into these speeches. When Maximilian, King of the Romans, wishes to make out a case for a league of all nations against Charles VIII. of France, he dives, through his envoys at the English Court, into the precedents of the Trojan war. Charles, they urge, is very much worse than Helen's Paris, because he has declined to marry Margot, Maximilian's daughter, and wants to marry Duchess Anne of Brittany, who was married by proxy to Maximilian; in other words,

Tum quia neglexit sponsat am federe firmo,

Tum quia quam duxit fuit altri debita conjux.

The Cornish insurrection in Henry's reign, fomented by the attorney Flammoek, and one Joseph a blacksmith, is treated in the same classical style. The blacksmith, says Herd, was a monster such as neither Africa nor Gætulia ever bare; nay more, so black and so smith-like that

Hunc ego crediderim vastos genuisse Cyclopas,

Atque suis antris artem docuisse fabrillem.

And when the doctor wants to describe how Henry proceeded to curb the insubordinate spirit gendered by the increasing wealth of his countrymen, we are told that he cut off this hydra

Non ferro Heculeo, nec Iolai truce flammâ;

but (O bald, if not impotent conclusion) by his instruments, Empson and Dudley.

With all this grandiloquence, our poet occasionally descends to bathos. One instance will suffice. Edward IV.'s mother clinches the arguments she has to urge against her son's marrying Elizabeth Woodville, by the same advice which Mr. Weller gave his son "Samivel"—"never marry a widdier":—

Virgo decet regem, ejus sacrata potestas
Conjugio vidue non est minuenda minuta.

In justice it should be added that in the course of Herd's two hundred pages there are two or three fairly original similes, one or two tolerably amusing descriptions, such as that of the Irish in p. 139 (which, by the way, would answer the same purpose now as well as then); and here and there something like a pun or a play on words. Of Henry VI.'s defeat and loss of his crown on the field of Towton, fought upon Palm Sunday, he has the neat line—

Palmarum festum palmam sic abstulit illi.

And when the Burgundian envoy in his speech to Edward IV. says of his master that, in his desire to humble his French neighbours,

Carolus erectas Gallo vult scindere cristas,

one can almost fancy that there is an allusion to the two-horned coral combs of the "Crève-cœur."

On the whole, perhaps, this metrical history is curious enough to have justified its publication, and Mr. Purnell has prefaced it by an able introduction, with which the only fault we have to find is that he has caught the infection of his author's Tudorism. We are not clear whether he has made a conscience of reprinting the MS. of Sir Thomas Winington to the letter, as he finds it; but, if so, he might with advantage have emended such palpable blunders as "ausam" for "ansam" (p. 24 and 115), "e medibus" for "ex ædibus" (p. 35), "pristis" for "priscis," "amplectior" for "amplectier," "subadorans" for "subodorans" (p. 15), "Lethæsis" for "Lethæis," and "unda . . . fuit in prunas" for "unda fluit in prunas" (p. 147). There is no sense in the retention of these palpable errors, which are, we suppose, to be laid to the account of the copyists, and which mar the typographical perfectness of an otherwise sumptuous volume.

THE GOLDEN GATE.*

THIS book is a record of the impressions produced upon the mind of an English lady by five years' residence in San Francisco. It contains an interesting account of what the writer

* *Five Years within the Golden Gate.* By Isabelle Saxon. London: Chapman & Hall, 1868.

aw, and also of what she felt. The ideas which she propounds are not her own, but those of the society in which she lived, and therefore we shall not scruple to criticize her book more harshly than might appear to be deserved by such an unpretending volume. The progress of San Francisco during a few years is of course wonderful, as the progress of all American cities always is. We are invited to observe the rapidity of that progress, and we are assured that it will go on unchecked until all the unoccupied regions of the world are peopled and civilized after the pattern of San Francisco. At the risk of being accused of coldness towards America, it is necessary to protest against the dismal monotony of the prospect which is thus presented to the human race. It pleased a Californian editor to give his readers his idea of the millennium, and this lady was so charmed with the prospect that she has transferred an article of the *San Francisco Mercury* to her own pages. We can only hope that the Americans will be able to keep their millennium to themselves, for it does not at all please us. The Californian editor wrote with the laudable purpose of reconciling his fellow-citizens to the incursions of John Chinaman into their State, and he invites them to observe and applaud the purpose of Providence to form "a new human conglomerate" within their borders. He says that "the whole bent of the times is towards the intermixture of the civilized and enlightened races into one great universal brotherhood, speaking a common language, and bound together by a common tie of Christian interest." Among "civilized and enlightened races" he perhaps does not include Chinamen, but the "common language" must necessarily be American-English, of which some specimens may be found in the book before us. "There is a prospect," writes this enthusiastic editor, "becoming gradually more and more distinct as the world draws near its prime, that all mankind are to conglomerate into an immense overpowering Anglo-American nationality, having its throne of central authority in the United States, and its main outposts on the hitherward shores of the Pacific." It is satisfactory to learn that "all mankind" are to accomplish this magnificent destiny within the limits of America, and that the older half of the world is to be allowed to "draw near its prime" after its own slow fashion. The editor confines his programme to "the hitherward shores of the Pacific," so that he exempts Australia from the doom of universal progress. But Australia also is a rapidly-growing country, and it perhaps contains editors who are capable of ascending to the loftiest heights of eloquence at the contemplation of a time when Brown, Jones, and Robinson shall have overspread a vast region of the earth. But it is difficult to reach this elevation of style in England. We know that Brown, Jones, and Robinson are very fine fellows in their way; but perhaps, if in the millennium we should be liable to meet them everywhere, we might be tempted to apply to Dr. Cumming to use his influence to get the millennium adjourned. There have been many various descriptions, in prose and poetry, of "what the world will be when the years have died away." There seem to be Americans who think that San Francisco, as it is, presents the highest pattern of human life; and perhaps San Francisco, without dust and earthquakes, would be their idea of heaven. Let us endeavour, therefore, to obtain some conception of this happy city.

The author approached San Francisco by the usual route of New York, Aspinwall, and Panama. She compares the country through which the railway between these ports passes to the hills of Derbyshire. It was on one of these hills that Drake stood when he gazed on the Pacific, and vowed that he would sail thither and make a perfect discovery thereof; and it was in the voyage made by Drake, in performance of this vow, that San Francisco was first visited by Europeans. The voyage of 3,150 miles between Panama and San Francisco is now performed regularly, by steamers of 4,500 tons, in twelve days. The narrow entrance between rocks to the Gulf of San Francisco is called "The Golden Gate." Hence the title of this book. The city stands in a sandy desert, without a tree or a blade of grass near it. This dreary aridity may perhaps be incompatible with European ideas of happiness, and, in fact, the site of San Francisco was selected with exclusive reference to trade. This city has a dog-law resembling that which has recently been imposed on London. The pound-keeper of San Francisco is empowered to seize all unmuzzled dogs and consign them to the pound, whence they cannot be removed until a payment is made for ransom. If not ransomed within a limited time, they are shot. The churches of San Francisco are above thirty in number, and three or four of them belong to the Episcopal Church, or Church of England. The Roman Catholic Church possesses three principal edifices and other smaller ones. The author remarks several times on the orderly aspect of the city both by day and night, and she rightly ascribes the wonderful improvement which has taken place in this respect within a few years to the famous Vigilance Committee. This is an "institution" which we have never yet adopted in England, but perhaps it might be useful just now in London. The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco warned notorious robbers and murderers to quit the city within a fixed time, and hanged them if they remained longer. It is perhaps an inevitable incident of preparation for the millennium that, if you begin to form in any place a "conglomeration" of human beings, the most ruffianly specimens of mankind are sure to be the first arrivals. The Committee was sometimes unexpectedly severe, as when it hanged a man named Cora, or Casey, for shooting General Richardson. Cora took a woman of bad character to the theatre, and the wife of Richardson refused to sit by her. Hence a duel,

which ended fatally. This is all the author tells us, but we suspect that Cora may have had some other qualifications for the hangman's rope. Theatres flourish in San Francisco, but there is not much social intercourse at private houses. People seldom give parties, because of the expense of giving them in such style as would be expected; but genuine hospitality is exhibited "by a couple of parties dining at a friend's house." The author uses this word "party" both rightly and wrongly within four lines; and, without imposing any high standard of literary perfection, we may venture to say that such a gross vulgarism should have been avoided. But perhaps this use of the word "party" is a specimen of the "common language" which is being formed in readiness for the millennium. Another specimen occurs where the author tells us that "rich" scenes occur in American courts of law. This use of the word "rich" is in one sense common, and much too common for a lady's style. It appears probable, however, that in the millennium Jack will be as good as his master, and there will be no place for ladies and gentlemen at all. The society of San Francisco is what might be expected from its history; and we should not think of remarking on its characteristics if an absurd pretension had not been put forward on behalf of this city, to be taken as a model upon which all Anglo-American civilization ought to shape itself.

The author seems to have been much struck with the Christian forbearance of Unionists in San Francisco when news came of the death of President Lincoln. They did not shoot or stab any Secessionists. "Did they outrage their rights, burn their houses, destroy their property, insult their wives and daughters? Nothing of the kind." They went "calmly and determinedly" to the offices of the opposition papers, and when they found them protected by the Chief of the Police they "listened respectfully to his remarks," and proceeded to "other offices," which were not protected, and sacked them. It happened that a Union and Secession paper employed the same type, and this was spared. It seems to us difficult to get up any raptures over either Mr. Lincoln or his followers. The worthy and lamented President was not a hero, though a London clergyman is said recently to have pronounced him to be a saint, and we think it is rather an equivocal compliment to the San Franciscans to say that, when the news came of his death, they did not rob and murder Secessionists promiscuously. We quite admit that the manners of the city were improved by its Vigilance Committee, and perhaps European visitors would do well to avoid reference to its early history. It is not usual for guests in Tasmania or New South Wales to express to their hosts their surprise and satisfaction at not having had their pockets picked. The early settlers in California—"vanguards," as this author calls them, "of that civilization which will one day encircle every spot upon earth in its triumphant embrace"—were a rowdy lot; and it might have been thought that about the last business they were likely to take in hand would be civilization. They soon felt the necessity of establishing some rudiments of law and order, but for some time the sympathy of society rather inclined in favour of audacious ruffianism. We have most of us heard the story of a Californian judge sentencing a notorious scoundrel to the gallows. "Mr. Green," said the Judge, "is there any day on which it will be more convenient than another for you to be hanged?" Mr. Green answered, that all days were alike to him. "Then," said the Judge, "if it is perfectly agreeable to you, Mr. Green, we will name this day four weeks." Mr. Green answered, again, that that day would suit him very well. It is evident that the Judge, while sternly resolved to do his duty, felt an irrepressible admiration for the great shooting and stabbing talents of Mr. Green. The vanguards of civilization are too often accompanied by robbers and murderers like Mr. Green, and many spots of earth, if they could choose, would prefer not to be embraced by them. Of course, if by what this lady calls the developments of Providence we are all destined to be Americanized, we must submit. There is, however, some hope that the vanguards of civilization will only trouble themselves to occupy those spots of earth where trade is likely to be profitable. They will probably establish cities like San Francisco at other points on the Pacific coast. They will build gigantic hotels, open splendid drinking bars, found schools and churches, and lead a restless feverish life of alternate prosperity and bankruptcy. And is this, we may ask, the end of all things? Was the world created, and has it endured until now, for no better purpose than to be civilized after the pattern of San Francisco? Our own countrymen, although they have a sufficiently high opinion of themselves, are scarcely so vain as to imagine that it would be a good thing to obliterate all Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, and to have Brown, Jones, and Robinson, over and over again, all through Europe. But a genuine American believes, or at least his English admirers believe for him, that such an admirable product of civilization as himself cannot be too many times repeated. He establishes his spittoons and other institutions a thousand miles further to the west, and proclaims that the great designs of heaven for the regeneration of the world are advancing rapidly to their fulfilment. The civilization which he propagates is better perhaps than barbarism, and that is the utmost that can be said in favour of it. The language which he speaks is an ugly corruption of English, and we can hardly conceive a greater misfortune to the world than that this language should be generally adopted. The author tells us that when she returned home she and her lady companions had no opportunity of opening their trunks after they quitted Panama, and they were compelled to make "the balance

of the trip" in the dresses in which they crossed the isthmus. The inventor of this expression, "the balance of a trip," might take a prize for vulgarizing English. We pass through the "Golden Gate," and find ourselves in a city of common clay.

FIVE OLD FRIENDS AND A YOUNG PRINCE.*

WHEN we have been parted for years from children who were so dear to us that we have never forgotten them, it is always with a strangely complex feeling that we meet them again for the first time. During all the long interval we have remembered them just as they were, and when we meet them again face to face, it requires an effort to identify them with their former selves. Somewhat akin to the feelings thus called into life are those which will be produced in many minds by the perusal of the charming stories told, or as it were re-told, for us by the author of the *Story of Elizabeth*, and the *Village on the Cliff*. She has taken "Five Old Friends" of ours by the hand, and led them from the shades of the past into the full light of the present day, from the magic realm of Fairyland into the fields or the streets pervaded by the common air we breathe ourselves. They are the same beings we used to know, and yet they are outwardly unlike them. The Prince still wakes the sleeping Princess with a kiss; Cinderella still charms all eyes by the dainty perfection of her tiny foot. Little Red Riding Hood walks, now as then, through the forest, the designing Wolf by her side; the Beauty exercises her old sway over the impressionable Beast. Last, but not least, Jack continues to play his familiar part of Giant-killer. But all of them have undergone a change. It is no longer human beings of more than the average height whom Jack destroys, beings who are notoriously mild and often defenceless against the wiles of a wicked world. The Beauty is still a maiden fair to see, but the Beast is only an awkward, soft-hearted English gentleman. Little Red Riding Hood has not changed much, though she is a few years older than she used to be; but the Wolf walks on two legs only, and plays the fiddle under her window. Cinderella and the sleepy Princess have altered little beyond their dress and their speech, but the slipper of the one has softened from glass into satin, and the other's slumber is rather mental than bodily. The actors in these little dramas are for the most part the same, but the stage has been altered, the scenery and the costumes are all new, the language spoken is that of our day, and the incidents which occur are such as might take place in our own lives.

The author tells us that she had once been asking how it was that the old fairy stories retained their freshness undiminished through ages, while the "modern realistic stories for children" mostly fade soon and die early, and that the answer was—

No wonder; the stories are only histories of real living persons turned into fairy princes and princesses. Fairy stories are everywhere and every-day—we are all princes and princesses in disguise, or ogres and wicked dwarfs. All the histories are the histories of human nature, which does not seem to change very much in a thousand years or so, and we don't get tired of the fables because they are so true to it.

Thereupon she set to work reviewing her acquaintance, and likening them to their prototypes in Fairyland. And one of the first who presented herself was Cecilia Lulworth. The picture is admirably drawn of that poor girl, doomed to lead for many years an existence "unutterably dull, commonplace, respectable, stunted, ugly, and useless." She lived in a sad, silent, solitary house, which, grand as it was, "looked like a blot upon the bright and lovely landscape." Within all was "hideous moreen, oil-cloth, punctuality, narrow-mindedness, horsehair, and mahogany." When she went out, she and an old maid, her mother's companion, paced up and down a tiresome gravel-walk, while "the rooks went whirling over their heads, the slugs crept along the path under the shadow of the grass and the weeds; they heard no sounds except the cawing of the birds, and the distant monotonous hacking noise of the gardener and his boy digging in the kitchen-garden." All in the house was dull and dreary. Cecilia's life was as flat and colourless as was Mariana's in the Moated Grange, only she had no past joys to sting her by their memories, and she acquiesced in her monotonous existence and stolidly jogged on her way in a half-dream. How at last the fated Prince comes and startles her out of this state of mental torpor may be left to the story to tell. In that which follows it, and which describes how the fairy godmother comes and carries off the modern Cinderella to the ball where she meets her highly respectable lover—no trumpey foreign prince, but a genuine English eldest son—we would call special attention to the charming portrait of the young Ella Ashford, whom a selfish stepmother keeps in dull seclusion, and dooms to conventional inanity, when she would fain be scampering about the country, and enjoying herself, as of old, with her flowers and her father, and her other pets. Little Red Riding Hood lives in a stately English mansion—

A bright, honest, black and brown and white and coral maiden, with her sweet and wilful ways, and gay shrill warble; and as the wolf sits with her in a boat one fine evening, this time-wise young fellow feels

as if he was being washed white and happy and peaceful in the lovely purple river. Everything was at once twilit, moonlit, and sunlit. The

water flowed deep and clear. Patty with a bulrush wand sat at the stern, bending forward and talking happily; the people on the shore heard her sweet chatter.

But the wolf is "only half a wolf, after all—a sheep in wolf's clothing," and the story drifts away long ere its close from the original, by the side of which it commenced its career.

In all her narratives, the author of the *Story of Elizabeth* seems to shrink from the depiction of stern, unrelieved tragedy. No one can describe with greater power the darkness of a stormy sky, or the dreary dimness of a landscape half seen through mist and rain; but before the subject is dismissed she loves to paint a rift in the dark cloud, to let at least a gleam of sunshine struggle somewhere into view, if not to make a careful study of the effects produced by the quiet light in the evening sky, when the storm has drifted away, and the birds find time for singing again before the night comes on. None of the present stories end tragically. Indeed, there is only one in which everybody is not made happy for ever. It is that of Jack the Giant-killer, in which John Trevithick, the enthusiastic young Curate of Sandsea, battles with the modern giants who grind the faces of the poor. What he does in the workhouse to which he devotes himself, and in which he saves the paupers from cruelty and oppression, and utterly overthrows the compound monster usually known as the Master and the Matron, is described in the story with great vigour and sympathy. But his best part, both as regards keenness of observation and artistic finish, is that in which is told how he was induced, less from love than from tenderness and compassionate kindness, to ask a woman to marry him who was not fit to be his wife, and who, in utter unconsciousness that any fault could be found with her, made much of his married life a failure. Her portrait is excellent—a thoroughly commonplace woman, with nothing noble or generous about her, but in most respects blameless in demeanour, and incapable of conscious impropriety. After she has gained her husband, she supposes that he will "be content henceforth with her mild aspirations after county society in this world, and a good position in the next"—things which she imagines in some vague manner may "be worked out by punctuality on Sundays, family prayer, a certain amount of attention to the neighbours (varying, of course, with the position of the persons in question), and due regard for the decencies of life." With a husband as commonplace as herself she would have got on admirably, especially if he would have submitted without a murmur to her despotic sway; but unfortunately she had married a man who would not run in any of the ordinary grooves to which she was accustomed, and who was full of such wild and romantic notions about duty and self-sacrifice as made her shudder. For a time she succeeds in reducing him to tame inactivity, and in quenching in him much of his youthful fire, in destroying in his mind "many a dream of battle and victory, of persevering struggle and courageous efforts for the rights of the wronged upon earth." He goes with her to an "old sun-baked, wasp-haunted place," a vicarage in a forlorn and stagnant Lincolnshire fen, and there he goes to sleep, as it were, for three years. But at the end of that time he wakes up and goes forth again to his chosen work. The end of the story forms one of the most touching parts of a book which is full of the truest pathos. There remains but one more of the Five Old Friends to mention. There are many merits in the new version of "Beauty and the Beast." From first to last it is admirably told, and there is not a single character in it which is not the result of a separate careful study, but its special attraction is the sympathetic skill with which is described a big, awkward, shy, tender-hearted man's love for a young girl who at first does not care for him. Nothing could be better than the sketch of Guy's utter misery as, after Bella's departure, he goes wandering about the house, which seems without her "a great, dull vault, without warmth or light or colour or possible comfort anywhere." And the manner in which the close of the tale is contrived may serve as a pattern for storytellers. As for the "Young Prince" who follows the "Five Old Friends," and who is the only one of the party that did not originally appear in the pages of the *Cornhill*, he is the hero of as charming a little piece of wise nonsense as any one can wish to read.

There is a somewhat melancholy ring about these stories, although they for the most part end with leaving us among smiling faces. In the first of them it is natural that an uncomfortable impression should be made upon the mind by the vivid description of the dreary respectability of Lulworth Hall—an impression which is not to be effaced by the cheerful picture of Cecilia's new home. In the others, however, it is not so easy to account for the sadness which seems to express itself in their music. But it is not a painful kind of sadness that is produced in the minds of those who listen to it. It is merely the sort of dreamy feeling which usually attends twilight, when the stillness gives an air of unreal sadness to the landscape. The scenes which the author of the *Story of Elizabeth* depicts so well are always very fair to look upon, and we feel grateful to the artist who has so picturesquely woven them for us on the unsubstantial air; but they are almost always still, like our dreams, in which either no voices sound, or only such as are thin "as voices from the grave," and they are generally sad, too, like a moonlit sea or a bird's evening song. Very beautiful are many of those which are contained in the book now before us, and we had marked several for extract which we are compelled to pass unnoticed by. Instead of quoting any of them, we will mention one fault which we have to find with these re-told stories. In

* *Five Old Friends and a Young Prince*. By the Author of "The Story of Elizabeth." With Four Illustrations by Frederick Walker. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

some cases the author has attempted to discover a parallel in modern life for too many of the old incidents. When, for instance, we find that the coachman who drives the Cinderella of our days to the ball, is called Raton, in order that he may resemble the rat who drove the fairy godmother's pumpkin chariot, we feel our faith in the whole equipage shaken; and when, towards the end of Little Red Riding Hood's story, Madame Capuchon is asked by her granddaughter what the ivory things are in a box on the table, and replies, "Those are my teeth, child; I cannot eat comfortably without them," the spell which bound us is broken, and the magic picture we have been admiring is shivered in pieces. They are no longer beings of flesh and blood whose movements we are witnessing; they are now mere puppets, with visible wires sticking through their dresses, and manifest strings controlling their gestures. But this is the only fault we can find in as charming a book as we have read for many a day, one which cannot fail to delight readers of every bodily and mental age, as well those who can appreciate its high artistic merit as those who will enjoy, without criticizing, its unforced humour and its genuine pathos.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

ANOTHER draught has been made upon the inexhaustible MS. repositories of the late Varnhagen von Ense*, and the result is two more volumes of memoirs, detailing the events of the day with the greatest minuteness, from November, 1819, to the end of 1823, the age of the Holy Alliance. Although the style is less bitter and sarcastic, the spirit is essentially the same as that of the volumes of a later period already published. Varnhagen is still the implacable *frondeur*, "der Geist der stets verneint," when referring to the Court or Government, and he refers to little else. Personal dissatisfaction, innate censoriousness, and honest indignation all concurred to produce this frame of mind, nor is it easy to determine which predominated. From whatever motive, Varnhagen has undoubtedly rendered a considerable service to mankind by the accuracy with which he has depicted the uninviting features of a despotism not arrayed in the imposing vesture of military glory, or disguised in the borrowed attire of democratic socialism, but awkward, pedantic, uncouth, and only preserved from ridicule by the substantial force at its disposal. Varnhagen might well complain of the system, for it has entirely spoiled his book for the general reader. It seems incredible that the history of a great nation should have afforded so acute an observer no passages of greater interest than are here recorded. So far as political life was concerned, the country must have resembled an enormous barrack-room, where nothing goes on from year to year but the monotonous exercises of a mechanical routine. This rigidity was not due to the despotic instincts of the Sovereign or his Ministers, who, for the most part worthy and well-meaning people, were simply dreadfully alarmed at the tendencies of their times, and saw no safety but in a policy of repression. The narrow-minded but well-meaning King is effectively sketched by Varnhagen, and the portrait is less unprepossessing than the artist probably designed. It is impossible not to respect a monarch so evidently conscientious. The particulars of the latter days of Prince Hardenberg are also interesting, and we learn a good deal respecting Wilhelm von Humboldt. With these exceptions, and that of certain scandalous stories which still retain some flavour, the diary is barren of anecdotic interest, and only valuable as a picture, executed with more than Dutch fidelity, of more than Dutch stagnation. One feature is remarkable—the keen interest in foreign politics, and the anxious hearkening, as it were, for any premonitory mutterings of a storm that might relieve the intolerable oppressiveness of the political atmosphere at home.

The reproach of barrenness cannot be addressed to Captain Würdinger's military annals of Bavaria, Franconia, the Palatinate, and Swabia†, for his pages are crowded with incidents, often romantic and interesting in themselves. The whole, however, is a dead letter to this generation. There are passages of history which we study with something of a personal interest for their intimate connexion with the development of society, and their influence on the actual condition of mankind; there are others best described by Milton's contemptuous generalization as "the battles of the kites and the crows." The feuds of the mediæval Bavarians are of the latter class.

Herr Preuss‡ has written a very interesting monograph on the career, character, and administrative reforms of the Emperor Diocletian. There is no claim to decided originality in his work, nor any disposition to advance paradoxes for the sake of it. He follows in the track of his predecessors, but proceeds somewhat further upon it, and, so far as we know, has been the first to lay down distinctly the proposition that very much of the credit which Constantine has obtained as the regenerator of the Empire rightly belongs to Diocletian. This is quite true. Constantine left the administrative organization of Diocletian almost unaltered; even his great measure of removing the capital had been

practically anticipated by his predecessor, who only once visited Rome. Diocletian was the second Augustus, who gave the State a form as inferior indeed, if tried by an ideal standard, to that of Augustus as the latter was to the system of the Republic, but which was nevertheless the only one suitable to a period of degeneracy and decay. The particulars of his reforms are discussed by Herr Preuss with brevity and lucidity, and he exhibits much candour in treating of the great blot upon this Emperor's reign—his persecution of the Christians. It is characteristic that the same sovereign who strove so hard to compel men to think alike should have attempted to fix the price of all commodities by an edict.

The Talmud frequently mentions a Roman Emperor, entitled "Antoninus" or "Antoninus the son of Severus," as a friend of the famous Rabbi Jehuda ha-Nasi, and gives several particulars of their intercourse. The identification of this Emperor has been a subject of much controversy. It is almost needless to observe (though Dr. Bodek* disputes it) that the character of a friend of the Jews suits the liberal, eclectic, and semi-Oriental Alexander Severus much better than any other Roman Emperor, and as the second Rabbi Jehuda flourished in his time, there could be no difficulty in supposing him to be intended, if the references in the Talmud agreed with the circumstances of his life. Here, however, the argument fails, and we must agree with Dr. Bodek that the Talmudists designed their anecdotes to be understood of Marcus Aurelius. The confidential intercourse with a Rabbi, however, which would be sufficiently credible in the case of Alexander Severus, is very unlikely in that of the philosophic Marcus. We fear that, in establishing one-half of his case, Dr. Bodek has overthrown the other, and that his philo-Hebraic Emperor must be classed with the iron fly of Titus, and similar mythical embodiments of Jewish patriotic feeling.

Any information respecting Servia† is valuable in the present transition state of Eastern Europe. Such information could hardly have been more copious or better conveyed than in the stately and finely illustrated volume of F. Kanitz. It embodies the results of a series of travels between 1859 and 1867, and is evidently the work not merely of a competent observer and accurate topographer, but of a highly-cultivated and fairly impartial man. The five first sections of the work are chiefly descriptive, containing the details of the author's travels, and most copious accounts of towns, villages, rivers, manners and customs, and the natural features of the country. Much attention is paid to archaeology, and in particular to the traces of the long Roman occupation. The sixth section is devoted to the administration, statistics, religion, agriculture, industry, and literature of Servia. The author draws a most favourable picture of the Servian national character. According to him, the Servians possess not only the usual intelligence of Eastern Christians, but also the robust and manly virtues in which the latter are generally so deficient. Servian literature promises well, and the people show no disposition to adopt the specious but insidious proposal of the Moscow Congress to make Russian the sole literary language of the Slavonic nations. Agriculture is still in a very backward condition, and the country has suffered much from the injudicious clearing away of forests. The national aspirations of Servia are decidedly warlike, in which respect she seems rather to be swayed by passion than by reason. It is very questionable whether an accession of territory on the break-up of the Turkish Empire would bring any real increase of national strength, owing to the heterogeneous admixture of races it would introduce. Even now there is a large Rouman element in the population, which only requires a hint from Petersburg or Bucharest to become troublesome.

Dr. Greeff's‡ travels in Madeira and the Canaries form an unpretending, but extremely agreeable, volume. The writer is always chatty and cheerful, while his narrative is redeemed from commonplace by a felicitous gift of observation, and an especial attention to the details of natural history, which are not, however, allowed to become too technical for the unlearned reader. The ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe was the principal incident of his travels; he also visited the less known islands of Grand Canary and Lanzarote, and touched at Mogador and Tangier on his way home.

The effect of "seeing ourselves as others see us" is usually supposed to be an increase of humility. An opposite result is likely to attend the perusal of Dr. Rohlf's travels in England§, unless the English reader is on his guard. We acquit our visitor of deliberate flattery; his compliments are obviously sincere. But when a traveller of the medical profession, good-natured from the first, has been warmly welcomed in English society; when he has been lionized at a provincial metropolis like Chester, and has spent an autumn among the romantic scenery and bracing gales of a Welsh watering-place, and has then come up to London for the winter, and has there had libraries and lectures, hospitals and museums, liberally thrown open to him, with the most distinguished among his professional brethren to show him about and answer his inquiries; and when he is, moreover, writing weekly

* *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus als Freund und Zeitgenosse des Rabbi Jehuda ha-Nasi.* Von Dr. A. Bodek. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Servien. Historisch-ethnographische Reise Studien aus den Jahren 1859-1868.* Von F. Kanitz. Leipzig: Fries. London: Nutt.

‡ *Reise nach den Canarischen Inseln. Mit populär-naturwissenschaftlichen Schilderungen.* Von Dr. Richard Greeff. Bonn: Cohen. London: Nutt.

§ *Medizinische Reisebriefe aus England und Holland, 1866 und 1867.* Von H. Rohlf. Leipzig: Fleischer. London: Nutt.

* *Blätter aus der preussischen Geschichte.* Von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Bde. 1, 2. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

† *Kriegsgeschichte von Bayern, Franken, Pfalz und Schwaben von 1347 bis 1506.* Von J. Würdinger. Bd. 1. München: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Kaiser Diocletian und seine Zeit.* Von Theodor Preuss. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

letters to a newspapers at home, to let his friends know how excellently he is getting on; and when, above all, he is desirous of invoking foreign example with a view towards the reform of abuses, it is evident that many grains of salt must be deducted from his testimony. No! we cannot believe that we are either so amiable or so intellectual as he would make us to be, or even so good-looking. At the same time, we may henceforth plead Dr. Rohlf's authority for assuming that foreigners may have something to learn from us, as well as we from them. According to Dr. Rohlf, the medical profession in Germany is much worse off than in England, both as regards the scientific attainments and the social and economic status of the average practitioner. If the fact is really so, the cause is probably that indicated by him—excessive restriction and interference on the part of the Government. He is never tired of eulogizing the independence and healthy vitality of the profession in England, and holding it up as an example to Germany in this respect. In Holland, he says, matters are still worse than at home. Medicine is in a strait waistcoat, and the consequence is utter stagnation. The Dutch hospitals are particularly bad. It is fair to observe, however, that Dr. Rohlf's inquiries were not prosecuted under such favourable auspices in Holland as in England, the Dutch professors being mostly out of town. Besides, there is no Llandudno in Holland; the Dutch do not lionize distinguished foreigners as they ought; and, unaccountably to Dr. Rohlf, they had rather be allied to France than annexed to Germany.

Friedrich Blass*, the author of a meritorious treatise on Grecian eloquence from the time of Alexander the Great to that of Augustus, has extended his inquiries to the period when eloquence began to be cultivated as an art. His account of the orators from Gorgias to Lysias is very pleasant reading, consisting of interesting notices, biographical and critical, of the speakers themselves, and full, clear, and entertaining summaries of their speeches, with essays on collateral topics of interest.

The external elegance of a collection of essays in archaeology, by Otto Jahn†, happily corresponds alike to the nature of the subjects discussed and the style in which they are treated by the author. Everything bears the impress of refinement and culture, and being designed for popular reading, the essays, though erudite, are not abstruse. The majority relate to ancient art, and of these perhaps the most interesting is that on the state of the arts under Augustus. Others are the vehicles of novelettes told anew after Apuleius and Dio Chrysostom. One narrates the history of Cyriacus of Ancona, the patriarch of Italian archaeology, whose drawings after the antique, by a curious combination of circumstances, came to supply ideas to Albert Durer. Another is an attempt to ascertain the gesture and the date of the Apollo Belvedere. Relying on indications deduced from a bronze copy, Jahn pronounces the figure, in its original state, to have borne an ægis, and rather fancifully surmises it to have been executed in commemoration of the repulse of the Gauls from the Temple of Delphi.

We are indebted to the same able writer for a concise and masterly biography of the late eminent archaeologist Gerhard‡, the founder, and long the leading spirit, of the Hyperborean Academy at Rome. Driven to Italy by ill-health, Gerhard there made the acquaintance of Bunsen, who procured him the countenance of the Prussian and Roman Governments, and assisted him in organizing his society, the labours of which have proved of the highest importance. Gerhard's own exertions were indefatigable. He spent the best part of his life in Italy, but eventually returned to undertake a professorship at Berlin, where, although not successful as a teacher, he enjoyed the highest consideration until his death. His contentious and sarcastic temper had procured him many enemies in the early part of his life, and his involuntary exile was a most fortunate circumstance, both for himself and for science.

Dr. Bastian§ is singularly open to Goldsmith's criticism on Dr. Johnson, that if he were to write a dialogue for little fishes, he would make them talk like whales. His intellect is truly elephantine in some respects, but, unlike the elephant, he finds it a much easier operation to uproot a cedar than to pick up a pin. If he travels, he circumnavigates the globe; if he publishes, the press groans beneath an encyclopædia. On the present occasion he has brought himself, with much misgiving and many apologies on the score of undue brevity, to offer what he calls a pamphlet of rather more than two hundred pages of small print and great erudition on comparative ethnology, philology, and psychology. The amount of reading it discloses is prodigious, but there is no trace of the organizing faculty which might have turned these stores to good account. They remain a crude undigested mass, and it is impossible to ascertain what views they have suggested to the compiler's mind, or what use he contemplates making of them.

Quite apart from the merits of the particular hypothesis it advocates, Professor Haeckel's|| work on the Darwinian and

kindred theories may be pronounced an excellent book. It contains a most lucid and interesting survey of the history of the transmutation or development hypothesis, and of the successive contributions made to it by Lamarck, Oken, Goethe, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, and Darwin. It also offers refutations, or attempted refutations, of Cuvier and Agassiz, and a conspectus of the course which the gradual development of animated existence may be supposed to have pursued, if we admit that it ever began. On the whole, it is an admirable survey of one side of the controversy. Although an assured conclusion on the evidence may be only attainable by naturalists, an ordinary reader requires neither scalpel nor lens to recognise a typical peculiarity of constant occurrence in writers of Professor Haeckel's school. They have been philosophers before they became naturalists. They have studied Hegel and Spinoza until their minds have become imbued with a conception of the universe little in harmony with the intuitive conclusions of common sense. They are prepared to welcome the transmutation hypothesis, not from any preponderance of actual observations in its favour, for the weight is in the other scale, but from its professing to demonstrate *à posteriori* what has already been inferred *à priori*. The consequence is that their case is argued in a metaphysical spirit, very unsatisfactory to those who are less anxious to perceive what *must* be than to know what *is*. Haeckel's power of ignoring objections far exceeds his dexterity in solving them, and he deals fluently in ingenious speculations on the conformity of development to right reason, without seeming to suspect that, whatever their value, they cannot demonstrate anything, and that one authentic instance of a periwinkle developing into an oyster, not to say an otter, would be more to the purpose than the very best of them.

Dr. Weismann* writes on the same side, and contributes some interesting illustrations from his especial pursuit, entomology. He surrenders, however, the philosophical basis of his theory, by the admission that vertebrates cannot be held to have originated from invertebrates. If each of the four great natural types has a distinct origin, we must admit at least four creations, and why not four hundred or four thousand? Haeckel is more consistent, and more intrepid. He maintains that the transition from invertebrates to vertebrates may be plainly detected in that interesting animal, the sand-eel; to which he naturally attaches extreme importance, esteeming it a species of title-deed, as it were, enabling men and monkeys to establish their common descent from the *cimex lectularius*.

The first part of the sixth volume of Klein's interminable history of the drama† is devoted to the Italian theatre of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Like the preceding volumes, it affords ample evidence of the author's quaintness and pugnacity, as well as of his gigantic industry. It is wonderful, however, that any man should be able to say so much upon so uninteresting a topic, or, having the power, should think it worth exercising. Metastasio, Goldoni, and Gozzi are, no doubt, worthy of ample notice; but it must be a ravenous appetite that will be satisfied with nothing less than an analysis of all the plots of all their plays. Has Herr Klein any notion how many volumes, on his present scale of working, he will require for Shakespeare?

The name of Gervinus‡ is a sufficient guarantee for the æsthetic value, if not the critical infallibility, of his work on Handel and Shakespeare. Whatever he may write on such lofty topics is certain to be eagerly discussed, and to exercise a powerful influence upon opinion. It is, however, entirely beyond our power to convey an adequate notion of a work which, although the author disclaims technical proficiency, presupposes on the reader's part a thorough acquaintance with the great masterpieces of music. We shall only observe, then, that Gervinus appears to maintain that the parallel between Shakespeare and Handel is complete, and that the latter reigns in the world of music with as absolute and unparticipated a sway as the former in the world of poetry. As a consequence, he is rather inclined to depreciate Beethoven, and, remembering the vast importance which the Greeks attached to music as a moral influence, he strenuously exhorts the Germans to devote themselves to the study of Handel, in order that, by the purifying operation of his strains, they may become fitted for the high destinies to which they appear to be called. These views will undoubtedly find favour in this country, which may justly claim, not only to have welcomed and encouraged Handel during his life, but to have stood in the same relation to him since his death as the German criticism of the last century occupied towards Shakespeare. How they will be received in Germany is another question. It is an obvious remark, that the popularity of Handel in England is largely owing to the intimate connexion of his principal works with the Scriptures, which, if objects of profounder investigation to the learned in Germany, are far less part and parcel of the intellectual treasure of the people. Two other divisions of this remarkable work embrace eleven essays on music, eight of an historico-critical, and three of a purely æsthetic character.

Chamisso§, a born Frenchman, preserved the clearness, objectivity, and popular tone of his native literature while writing in

* *Ueber die Berechtigung der Darwinischen Theorie*. Von Dr. A. Weismann. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte des Dramas*. Von J. L. Klein. Das italienische Drama. Bd. 3, Abth. 1. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Handel und Shakespeare. Zur Aesthetik der Tonkunst*. Von G. G. Gervinus. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Adelbert von Chamisso's Poetische Werke*. Bd. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Attische Beredamkeit, von Gorgias bis zu Lysias*. Dargestellt von F. Blass. Leipzig: Trübner. London: Nutt.

† *Aus der Alterthumswissenschaft*. Populäre Aufsätze von Otto Jahn. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Eduard Gerhard. Ein Lebensabriss*. Von Otto Jahn. Berlin: Reimer. London: Nutt.

§ *Das Beständige in den Menschenrassen und die Spielweite ihrer Veränderlichkeit*. Von Dr. A. Bastian. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte. Vorträge über die Entwickelungslehre*. Von Dr. Ernst Haeckel. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

the language of his adopted country. He hence occupies a characteristic and honourable place among the poets of Germany, and the new edition of his works will no doubt be acceptable to a numerous public.

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• *Das Geheimniss der Stadt.* Von F. W. Hackländer. 3 Bde. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams & Norgate.

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